

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

WITH this number THE ROUND TABLE enters upon its Eighth Volume. The journal has now been some two years under its present management, during which time it has attained substantial prosperity. THE ROUND TABLE has not pleased everybody, and has not attempted to do so. To shape its course with a view to mere transient popularity with the public at large, with individuals, or with the contemporary press, would have been incompatible with higher objects which have been steadily kept in view. The criticism which legitimately enters so largely into the composition of such a journal is unfortunately apt to make more foes than friends; and this is perhaps one of the reasons that have been least considered why similar publications are in general only successfully established in communities that have ceased to be provincial. In spite, however, of all drawbacks, the chief of which has been the difficulty of maintaining the desired standard of literary excellence, THE ROUND TABLE has received liberal and encouraging support, and the conductors would be ungrateful indeed did they not acknowledge the warm sympathy and approbation which have cheered their path from all sides, and which have emanated in numerous cases from the most distinguished scholars and thinkers of America and Europe. Making reasonable allowance for those whose prejudices have been offended by its course, it can truthfully be said that THE ROUND TABLE has received praise from nearly all whose praise is worth having; and it is fair to add that hard work has been done to deserve it. At all events, to use a homely phrase, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating"—no similar weekly has ever been placed in this country upon a profitable basis before, and THE ROUND TABLE is now unquestionably upon such a basis.

The late Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose friendship for THE ROUND TABLE and high estimate of its qualities are well known, feared that the paper would be a loser in the long run for not attaching itself to any particular party. Experience, however, justifies the statement that Mr. Halleck's apprehension has not been verified. The subscription list includes the names of many well-known publicists, strong Republicans and strong Democrats; and, although articles have been printed in these columns, during the past two years, naturally distasteful to both parties, so far as is known, not twenty subscriptions have been dropped for political considerations. Nor is this all. Party men of eminence in all sections of the country and of all shades of opinion, are constantly sending their names as supporters of THE ROUND TABLE, on the ground that they desire regularly to read what, if not in accordance with, will always be intelligent and candid dissent from their own opinions. Under these circumstances, it needs scarcely be said that the independent character of the journal will not in the future be changed. It will continue to treat political and social questions in the same catholic and unbiassed spirit in which it claims to have treated literary ones. It will ask the help of no party, sect, or clique; will receive eleemosynary aid from no clubs, rings, or political aspirants; but will be conducted upon the simple principle of aiming TO SERVE THE PUBLIC ALONE by straightforward, unreserved, and conscientious expressions of opinion upon all topics that fall within its legitimate scope. By such a course it has made an exceptional success in the past; by such a course it hopes to attain a prosperity and influence still more decided and considerable in the future.

THE ROUND TABLE OFFICE,
133 Nassau Street, New-York,
July 1, 1868.

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE.

THE southeast of Europe lies so far out of the range of the average American newspaper horizon that even the traditional "intelligent reader" knows perhaps little more about the classic ground of the so-called Oriental question than the names of the countries which compose it. To the public at large the peculiar features of the regions on the lower Danube and along the shores of the Adriatic are as much a mystery as the civilization, history, views, and political aspirations of the different races that inhabit them. A vague impression seems to obtain that the Oriental Slaves are mere instruments in the hands of Russia, and that they have no distinct interests or future. This is, however, a grave mistake. The people who, whether dwelling in dense groups or intermixed with other nationalities, live in those immense territories which stretch from the Carpathian mountains to the Bosphorus, are governed by clearly defined principles and laws of their own. Russia, it is true, aspires to derive ultimately some advantages from her consanguinity with them, but their fate is by no means dependent on the will or caprice of that empire, much less on the wishes of its government. In this part of the old continent the nationality principle had been agitated and contended for long before the doctrine itself was recognized in modern days and incorporated into the international code. Yet of all the millions of non-Russian Slaves now subject to Turkey and Austria not a single tribe or race has succeeded in obtaining a distinct autonomy, and the Ruthenians, Slovaks, Slavonians, Croats, Illyrians, Wallachians, Servians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins are still striving to lay a foundation for it. The efforts of these national fragments are no doubt to a certain extent directed and encouraged by Russia, which hopes thereby to aggrandize her domain, but she can as little expect to control them as any other foreign state, and especially since her ruler has been compelled to consult the traditional inclinations and sympathies of his own subjects. The fanaticism of race, once aroused, is, however, not so easily allayed. It is possible that an outbreak may be prevented; but, even if the constant assurances of the St. Petersburg cabinet that it does not seek to hasten the process of disintegration were perfectly sincere, they would furnish no guarantee of permanent tranquillity. The complications in the western and southern Slavic lands have of late years assumed such a character that an irruption may occur at any moment, whether encouraged by Russia or not. Every fresh rumor of trouble brewing in that quarter, whether it tells of a new rising in Bosnia, of the appearance of armed bands in Roumania, or of the importation of large quantities of arms into Servia, sends therefore naturally a thrill through diplomatic Europe, and a brief glance at the present situation of affairs will show that there is abundant cause for this solicitude.

Let us begin our survey with Galicia, a dependency of the Austrian crown which, though included in Cisleithania, yet constitutes a world of its own. Its western portion is inhabited by Poles; its eastern by Ruthenians, or Little Russians. Differing in nothing essential from the populations of the adjoining Russian provinces, the latter have for years striven to rid themselves of the rule of the Polish aristocracy and civilization. They say that all their just demands to be placed upon a footing of equality with the Poles and other subjects of the Austrian empire have been treated with contempt. The Lemberg diet has banished their language from the schools and the public offices. Their young have been compelled to learn and to speak Polish. Their deputies have been excluded from the Reichsrath, from the provincial assembly, and from the municipal councils. In one word, they consider themselves an oppressed and persecuted race,

whose hereditary foes decide its destinies and manage its affairs. Such are a few of the many grievances complained of by two millions of Ruthenians, and the papers and lower officials among them who sympathize with the Panslavic idea do their best to feed the popular discontent. And yet Galicia is conceded to be the most orderly and well-affected portion of the entire Slavic southwest!

Turning from Galicia we come to Roumania, or Moldavia-Wallachia. Accustomed since the reign of Peter the Great to look to Russia as its chief support against the Porte, these duchies have more recently abandoned that connection for a more ambitious policy. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, the new Hospodar, aspires to be an independent ruler under the title of a king. His capital, Bucharest, is the centre where all the discontented and rebellious subjects of the Sultan congregate, and the number of fugitive Bulgarians who have found there an asylum and favor is counted by the thousand. Many of them have entered the Roumanian army, whose strength is constantly being increased despite the earnest protests of the Turkish government. That the Hospodar means to reserve for himself the greatest possible freedom of action in view of coming eventualities is sufficiently apparent from the efforts which his ministers are making to emancipate him for a time, at least, from all constitutional restraints. The Paris *Correspondance du Nord-Est*, a usually well informed organ, stated recently that Bratiano, the Roumanian premier, had succeeded in getting a bill passed through the legislature which indemnifies the government in advance for all violations of the constitution committed "in the interests of the state." Such a measure requires no commentary. It shows that a crisis is approaching in the duchies, whether Russia encourages it or not.

In Servia the situation appears analogous to that in Roumania. This country is also indebted to Russia for its most valuable concessions from the Porte—the treaties of 1812, 1829, and 1850. Though the quarrel between the Great-Servian and the Panslavic parties still continues, both are agreed that it is necessary entirely to sever the Turkish connection. The Bosnian exiles and rebels play at Belgrade a part similar to that of the Bulgarians at Bucharest, and seven hundred of them are attending the military school at the capital. Prince Michael, whose assassination the Cable reported the other day, exercised as much influence in Bosnia, Turkish Servia, and Herzegovina as in his own land, and had long been known to be preparing for a war. The policy which prompts Servia to concentrate her strength and to take up an attitude of defiance toward the Sultan is due not so much to internal as to external causes. She finds it necessary to preserve a political ascendancy purchased at heavy cost among the neighboring races during a series of years, and it is this which forces her constantly to present a more menacing front to Turkey.

We meet thus in all the Slavic lands, from the Carpathians to the Balkan, a state of things whose continuance is more than doubtful, and which, with or without the agency of Russia, must sooner or later undergo a radical and violent change. The precarious, if not hostile, relations existing between the Croats and other Slavic inhabitants of Hungary and the friends of the new Magyar arrangement, are too well known to require special notice. In Bosnia, Turkish Servia, and Herzegovina the feeling is equally intense, and recent advices from those regions agree in representing the Slavic races as everywhere eager for the signal which will bid them to rise against their Moslem masters. And yet the whole policy of the Western powers which assume to preserve the old European balance of power in the East consists in temporizing and in employing petty palliatives to bridge over the difficulties immediately before them. Whenever one of these has been crowned with success, the entire West feels immediately relieved, just as if the danger had been permanently averted. Such is, however, far from being the real state of the case. All that diplomacy can do is to put off the evil day. Where there is so much combustible material stored up as in that southeastern Slavic world, an explosion which must shake the whole continent and bury the Ottoman empire beneath its ruins is unavoidable in the very nature of things.

FIREWORKS.

WITNESSING a great exhibition of fireworks in the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham some three years ago, we were struck by what seemed the universality of the taste for this species of amusement. It had been a gala-day of some sort and the ordinary pleasures of music, flowers, curiosities, lovely walks, charming views, sandwiches, salads, pale ale, and flirtation had been augmented by a circus, some wild beasts, nigger minstrels, and other choice vocal entertainments, by a great balloon in which Professor Somebody went up and did something out of the common way, and by various other sports and diversions supplementary to the common daily routine at the great house of glass. The day was pleasant, the crowd great, the programme satisfactorily managed, and each feature of it received a fair share of attention. Yet it was only a share. The circus and the performing baboons were largely affected by the juveniles, the niggers and "funny" things generally by the mass of tradespeople's families and flashy cockneys. The music engrossed many of the better sort, although, as usual, it had charms for a wider range of ages and classes than have most other amusements. The balloon, as a less frequent attraction, had a large and admiring circle of spectators. Altogether, the various showmen had little reason to complain. But yet the pyrotechnics in the evening beat them all hollow. The older people, the more staid and dignified, and the fashionables—what, in a word, the cockneys would call the nob and swells—did not deign to patronize the circus, the baboons, or the niggers; but they were at hand to a man to assist at the great show of the evening. The children and the tradesfolk shirked the classic music as they did the more "instructional" parts of the exhibition in general; but not a score of them went to town by early trains, and not a rocket did they miss in the evening. The admirers of Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann, slightly ashamed though they were of being allured by the more sensuous temptations of the eye, gathered in an army no less compact and full of rank to gaze on the soaring incandescence which had been so lavishly promised. In a word, the crowd that assembled to see the fireworks in the evening actually exceeded in number the aggregate crowds that had flocked to the different exhibitions during the day. The fascination of the thing seemed extraordinary; old and young, gentle and simple, rich and poor were eager alike to see the fireworks and nervously anxious to miss no portion of them. Tried on so large a scale and near so great a metropolis, the incident proved the strength of an attraction which on first thoughts seems mere child's play; but which, founded as it is upon the passion for color and catering for it with the most exquisitely brilliant and sudden types and diversities, is found on closer reflection to justify the universal passion that it inspires. Thus there is no human expression more genuine than the wave-like murmur of admiration that rolls through a great crowd on the bursting forth of some splendid piece of pyrotechny. The Promethean art, at once celestial and infernal, the signal of peace although breathing of war, the proverbial forerunner of danger yet substantially innocuous, the pastime that through habit we associate with days of merry-making and relaxation deserves its popularity and—what by no means always follows—is certain to retain it.

The pleasure of seeing fireworks is, for most spectators, undoubtedly heightened by their mystery; it is also enhanced by the instantaneous pleasure they give to fellow-observers. The prompt response of a throng to whatever strikes them as beautiful, warm and attracts the sympathies and lends a charm to the sight that a mere selfish enjoyment cannot afford. There is no particular gratification, except to the scientific taste, in knowing that lycopodium makes rose-colored flames, and sulphuret of antimony blue; that lampblack helps to make golden showers, and verdigris and sulphate of copper the various shades of green; that yellow fire is made of amber and colophony, and red fire of nitrate of strontia; that camphor and benzoin, and storax and nitre, and common salt and yellow sand, and glistening mica and filings of copper, steel, and iron, with a great many other things, assist gunpowder in making up the dazzling show that seems so miraculous. It is enough to know that the effect is magnificent, and that many,

whom no other exhibition could tempt to take trouble to witness it, will go uncomfortable distances and stand for hours in uncomfortable places to view a fine display of fireworks. The one to which we set out by referring was what was called a competitive exhibition, the pieces having been the work of rival makers, and was probably attended by at least twenty thousand persons. A very dark and cloudy evening—fortunately without rain—had succeeded a beautiful day, and the conditions were therefore highly favorable to the best possible effect. The size of the principal works, the great extent of ground covered by them, the vast number of rockets and other ascending pieces, and the reflection of the entire system of fountains, turned on for the occasion, and the largest, with, we believe, the exception of that of Versailles, in the world, combined with the pitchy blackness of the night to produce a splendor of *ensemble* which had probably never before been equalled in Europe, although in China, which is generally credited as the birth-place of the art, it may have been surpassed. The eulogy is, of course, only applicable to the fireworks made by men; those of nature, such as volcanic eruptions and some of the great meteoric showers, unquestionably as far exceeding them in magnificence as in extent, although the variety of coloring in most cases is probably neither as great nor as conspicuous.

Independent of the passion for color, the effect of fire itself on the human imagination has always been greater than that of any other known substance or element, although electricity, and perhaps some other yet undeveloped agency, is intrinsically more sublime. But lightning, the most terrific manifestation of the electric fluid, is attended by the appearance of fire, and it is doubtful whether to it or to volcanoes that the first suggestion of pyrotechnics was due. The impression of awe that fireworks on a large scale always produce is doubtless owing, in a great measure, to the force of association which connects their swift flashes and detonations with the august artillery of the heavens. No legend has had a longer or firmer hold on men's minds than that of the original theft of fire from Heaven, and language, which in all tongues speaks of firing the soul or the imagination, attests the truth by universality of metaphor. The enthusiastic coal-heaver who asked leave to light his pipe at a lovely lady's eyes was a fire-worshipper as genuine as any Parsee; and stout John Wilson when he sang,

"O Fire! he is a noble thing; the sot's pipe gives him birth;
And from the livid thunder-cloud he leaps alive on earth!"

illustrated at once the gloriousness and the mystery, the humble service and the appalling majesty, of the element with which we are civilized men and without which we should be, materially speaking, but as the brutes that perish. We hold, then, that the love of fireworks, a love which has grown to find expression on our great National Holiday in a sort of pyrotechnic carnival, is a very natural, reasonable, and appropriate thing, and one that, with proper safeguards against accident, should neither be sneered at nor discouraged. We have not so many festivals, not so many seasons for giving full rein to sport and merry-making, as to make it wisdom to shut off any tolerable source of either. Let the big people, then, have their exhibitions, their set-pieces, their Temples of Liberty, their Goddesses and their Washingtons, so that the great day may go out in a blaze of glory. And let the little people—despite the New England ascetic who would rather have them learn a catechism of amendments to the Constitution—have their fire-crackers, their pin-wheels, and their torpedoes. *Vive la feu-de-joie!* For Independence Day, like Christmas, "comes but once a year," whether it be "Saturday, Sunday," or "Monday," and there is no other festival, with the single sacred exception, which Americans have better reason in the fullest and freest as well as the most thankful manner to celebrate and enjoy.

REGULATION OF RAILROAD COMMERCE.

LAST April the Committee on Roads and Canals were instructed by the House of Representatives to enquire whether Congress has power under the Constitution to legislate for the regulation and control of railroads—especially those extending through several states—so as to secure, first, the safety of passengers; second, uniform and equitable rates of fare;

third, uniform and equitable charges for freight; fourth, proper connections with each other for the transportation of passengers and freight,—and the committee was given authority to report by bill. The primary question which engaged its attention was whether Congress has the power. Of this there seems to us to be little room for doubt. By the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution it is enacted that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the several states. Under this grant the power to regulate must extend to all the instruments of commerce. River and railroad, steamboat and locomotive, being the chief instruments of transportation, are alike subject to such regulation. It has been exercised over the navigable waters of the country from the foundation of the government, but until very recently it has not been demanded for railroads. So long as these creatures of commerce were conducted with reference to the public welfare, so long as they tolerated competition or threw open their management to public scrutiny and criticism, so long as they abstained from corrupt influences to shield their misconduct, the necessity for national legislation was but slightly apparent. But the growth of the railway system within the last twenty years and the increase in the commerce carried on by rail have been so enormous, the companies have effected combinations so undisguisedly designed for the plunder of the public and the control of state legislation, that it is impossible much further to postpone the exercise by Congress of its constitutional power.

When the Constitution was adopted commerce among the states did not exceed three or four millions of dollars annually. Now, in the single state of Illinois, for example—and it is by no means the leading State in this respect—the value of freight transported across her limits during last year amounted to \$646,000,000. In the entire country, it is safe to say, the value of this commerce exceeds \$5,000,000,000 annually, greatly exceeding our foreign commerce. That this immense interest should be left to the control of two or three hundred private corporations, each of which simply scrambles to extort from it all the tolls, charges, and taxes it will bear, and carries it at the least cost and, consequently, poorly, slowly, and irregularly, is simply intolerable. The states cannot regulate this, for no state can enact laws having binding force beyond its own limits, nor can the states be expected to legislate in concert. Congress alone has the power and the jurisdiction commensurate with the subject. Besides, experience has shown that, so far from the states having power to control these corporations, the railroad companies, by confederating together in everything that affects their interests, actually control the states. The legislature of New Jersey is as immediately managed by the Camden and Amboy Company as any locomotive on its tracks, and the consequence has been that the travelling and freighting public has been robbed of millions of dollars by that corporation, while the state has been deaf to all appeals for relief.

The committee have reported the arguments for the exercise of this power by Congress in a clear and compact form, citing many decisions of the courts in support of their positions. That the report is unanswerable the reader may easily convince himself by reading the attempted answer of the minority. In that response, in fact, the power to regulate inter-state commerce is admitted to lie in Congress, but it strives to show that its exercise would be contrary to the views of the Democratic party and, we suppose, to the Virginia resolutions of '98! In other words, the minority are for expanding the state powers over this subject and tying the hands of the Federal government. This was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution—the men who formed our government and who wisely adjusted every power to its proper place. To our apprehension, no argument can give greater force than the simple words of the Constitution themselves possess: "The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states." It has been uniformly held that no state has power to regulate foreign commerce, and whenever the attempt has been made the courts have declared the act unconstitutional. The grant of the power to regulate inter-state commerce is as broad as that to regulate foreign commerce; indeed, is couched in the same language and

grouped in the same sentence. We think this question may be considered beyond dispute.

The committee were instructed, in case they should find that Congress had the power to regulate commerce among the states, to report a bill imposing upon railroad corporations regulations calculated to secure the safety of passengers, uniform and equitable rates of fare and freight charges, and such connections between conterminal lines as would render travel and freight carriage expeditious and certain. The committee, however, say that they are in want of the information requisite to frame a satisfactory bill. We hope, therefore, that Congress will empower them to take testimony and elicit the information desired.

In evidence of the great necessity of prompt action on the part of Congress for the protection of human life are the almost daily fatal casualties. We have no doubt that these far exceed the destruction of life and limb on the Western waters many years ago by reason of the high-pressure steamboat system, which so excited the country that Congress was compelled to pass laws regulating the whole steamboat business. From the reports of some of the New Jersey railroads, wherein the casualties are enumerated under a state law, it appears that these roads on an average kill annually one man for every ten miles of track, beside wounding in addition a number double that of the killed. If Congress would pass a law compelling every railroad company in the country to make, under oath, an annual return of this sort to the Secretary of the Interior, it would clearly be shown that avarice, carelessness, stupidity, and ignorance of railroad management yearly sacrifice the lives of thousands, maiming still other thousands, and scattering widowhood, orphanage, suffering, and poverty among families who have a right to that protection by Congress which the Constitution empowers it to give.

Upon the subject of uniform and equitable rates of fares and freight charges a committee will find no difficulty in obtaining volumes of information. The great monopoly lines of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and other states, have never pretended to adopt any uniform system of charges. The sole underlying principle of their tariffs has been the approximation of charges to the extreme limit of the law without driving away their business. Where there was no competition the charges were excessive; where competition existed the price was reduced, often as much as to one-fifth of the amount. The investigation made last winter by a committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature showed, by the testimony of many witnesses, that customers whose freight could only be carried by the Pennsylvania Central road were charged more than a hundred per cent. in excess of the charges to customers living at other points of the road where other means of transportation were accessible. The same thing is practised by the New Jersey road. Within the last three months the Trenton board of trade has shown that the Camden and Amboy Company's charges upon many branches of trade were four times greater per mile for carrying goods from Trenton to New York or to Philadelphia than upon goods destined for Chicago. In the former place the local company had the exclusive control of the question of price, being the only possible carriers if the goods were to be carried at all. But when the goods were destined for points further east, south, or west, along the great lines where competition existed, the local company was obliged to arrange terms with its confederate companies constituting the through line. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and many other states, it is the uniform practice to charge upon all the traffic of interior customers rates double and treble those charged upon through business. All this is manifestly unfair and calls loudly for congressional regulation. The common carrier has no right to discriminate between persons or places. Every business community along the line of a road has the right to enjoy as liberal tariff of rates as any other community on the same line. The Pennsylvania Central road has no just right to charge the Pittsburg manufacturer double the price charged the manufacturer of Philadelphia for the same service. It is sheer injustice to charge the maker of flour at Harrisburg as much for bringing his Western grain to Harrisburg as is charged his rival for carrying his grain across the entire line of the road to the Delaware river. Our coal roads have fallen into the same system. The Morris

and Essex road charges one hundred per cent. per ton more for bringing coal to Morristown than it charges for carrying the same coal thirty miles further to Hoboken. The effect of such a system is manifestly most evil. The business of all the interior cities, towns, and villages, where competition cannot bring relief, is burdened to the utmost limit of endurance—frequently beyond it. The advantages which small manufacturers would have at these places in cheaper rents, cheaper living, and so cheaper labor, are more than counterbalanced by the policy of the railroads; and thus the growth of our large cities is monstrously stimulated and the growth of country villages correspondingly retarded. The evil is a national one and needs a national remedy which no power but Congress can apply.

The excuse of the railroad companies for discriminating between different localities is, that the cost of handling freight is as great to them where it is carried a short as where it is carried a longer distance. As far as it goes the reason is a good one, but it goes a very little way. So far from warranting the company in doubling, trebling, or, as in the case of the New Jersey monopoly, quadrupling its charges on freights carried for short distances, the simple additional cost of handling should be added to a uniform charge per ton per mile, and then, while the companies would be paid for all the handling, they would deal with their customers alike. The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company, now under the management of Gen. Mahone, an accomplished engineer and economist, have adopted this plan, thus described in their last annual report. "In the freight tariff," he says, "we have adopted a uniform system; we have charged, as nearly as possible, the actual cost for receiving, weighing, and delivering freight, and this is applicable to all distances, to wit: If a ton of freight is received at Lynchburg, one dollar per ton, or five cents per hundred pounds, is charged for the reception, handling, and delivering. The same rate per ton per mile is then charged for its transportation, whether it goes ten miles or the entire length of the road." There is simple justice in this impartial dealing with the community. The regulation which the interest of the business public requires Congress to impose upon this branch of railroad service is merely to compel each company, by law, to make its rates uniform, impartial, and without discrimination, charging at every station the same price for receiving and delivering goods, and the same price per ton per mile for distances carried, whether more or less. We believe this would effect business changes throughout the country that would prove in the highest degree beneficial to the public, and that, instead of injuring, it would enhance the value of railroad property.

The want of proper connections between the railroads of different corporations, so as to make continuous lines, is largely owing to a diversity of gauge—a subject we have so recently discussed that we need not reiterate our argument.

THE SPORTS OF BRUTES.

QUESTION is often made by moralists whether any species of public amusement is not, on the whole, unfavorable to public morals, since experience shows that no such popular diversion ever remains entirely unattended by injurious adjuncts or associations. Thus, it is said that racing may be well enough in itself, but that the gambling, drinking, and other vices which appear to be inseparable from race-courses render the amusement a vitiating one which the good should, therefore, discourage. To the theatre, *per se*, no objection may be found, but the demoralizing influences that are never wanting, either before or behind the scenes, are said to furnish good reasons for frowning down the drama. Even places that by equivocal compliment to the intelligence, if not to the prejudices, of a part of the community are styled "museums," "academies," and "atheneums," they being usually, in fact, only third or fourth-rate theatres, sailing under a hypocritical flag, prove, possibly for that very reason, worse in some respects than theatres proper themselves; since they have often become, especially in our Atlantic cities, and at the afternoon performances they, by characteristic perversion, call *matinées*, mere places of assignation. It is unfortunately true that where crowds of both sexes are habitually brought together abuses of one kind or another seem practically

unavoidable, and that the inference seems manifest that such abuses can only be forestalled by doing away altogether with their occasion. Such a statement as this, however, is, so far as the interests of morality are concerned, a highly fallacious one, since it implies that by the abrogation of one form of evil we should also ensure that another, and possibly a worse form, would not spring up in its place. It is quite true that experience shows that public gatherings for almost any species of diversion are apt to be, if not absolutely certain to be, attended by demoralizing associations; but experience equally shows that arbitrary repression of any cognate nature is equally certain to generate evils as bad, and usually of the same kind, as, while worse in degree than, those which it has been proposed to repress. If we are wise we come to the conclusion that the question is a relative, not a positive one; that a community is to be taken and legislated for as it is, and not as we would have it; that we cannot bring it up, morally speaking, to a utopian level by heroic measures; and that the true course, as regards public amusements, is to multiply those that are innocent, or comparatively so, and to substitute, when possible, for such as through habit and association are manifestly hurtful others of similar character, so far as the central plan or objects are concerned, but with the objectionable features carefully eliminated.

We have been led by these views publicly to approve the establishment and conduct of Jerome Park, a proceeding which we are aware has not passed uncensured, but which we are confident will be justified by no remote experience. The strict preservation of order, the careful eye for natural beauty and artistic effect, and, above all, the presence in large number of virtuous and refined women, are characteristics of this race-track which have hitherto been substantially unknown in this country; and the consequence already has been that of banishing from sight all or nearly all the vicious elements that formerly and at other courses constituted the gravest objection to their existence. Progressive cure is better in their cases than radical cure. At all events the former is practicable and the latter is not. Race-tracks will exist in this country whatever moralists may say against them. We, who agree with the moralists in deprecating the vitiating concomitants of racing, disagree with them as to the best or the possible way of getting rid of them. To our minds it is a question between having places like Jerome Park or like the Greenland race-course, near Louisville, of which we have now a few words to say. The contrast is suggested with a good purpose and we hope it will not be without good effect. Our statements are made on the authority of a very respectable journal, *The Cincinnati Gazette*, and, we believe, can be entirely depended upon.

A few days ago, then, at this Greenland course, which seems to be one of the old-fashioned places where the rules of civilization have no effect to speak of, some of the most shocking cruelties were perpetrated upon poor dumb brutes that we have ever been disgusted to read of. After various torturing of "rats" and "coons"—the *rodentia*, we fear, most people will think fair game—a huge wild-cat was made fast to a stake by a chain eight feet long, and two bull-dogs were successively set upon him. A horrible struggle ensued, both combatants being badly lacerated and streaming with blood. After five minutes, with great difficulty they were separated. This delicious entertainment was followed by others the description of which we cannot do better than give in *The Gazette's* own language:

"A medium-sized black bear was next brought into the ring and chained to the stake. A bull-dog was set at him. The bear knocked him heels over head by a stroke of his paw. The dog retreated, and it was some time before he could be induced to make another attack. He finally rushed in and fastened his teeth in the bear's throat, while Bruin keeled over and hugged him fondly for a time, when he commenced scalping the dog with his fore paws and thumping him in the ribs with his hind feet. The dog fought the bear gamely for ten minutes, at the end of which time he was shockingly cut up, and they were separated.

"A second dog was beaten and a third horribly lacerated. A fourth was seized by the bear and almost hugged to death. The dog would not let go, but was at last taken away.

"A huge bull named *Rebel* was now led into the interior of a ring, and fastened to a stake by a rope fifteen feet in length. One bull-dog who was put in the ring to bait the bull took fright and ran off. Another dog was tossed by the ferocious animal, who finally broke loose, but was recaptured and fastened by two very large ropes. We quote, verbatim, from *The Courier* the scene that followed:

"The brindle dog which stuck to the bear so gamely was then turned loose, and he 'went for' the bull with a rush. The dog was tossed a distance of from thirty to forty feet in the air a number of times, and badly stamped ones or twice. It was deemed advisable to turn in another

dog, which was done, and still the bull had all the advantage, tossing and kicking them with terrible force. The third bull-dog was finally turned in, when *Rebel* became furious; he leaped and lunged, throwing the dogs altogether in the air and kicking them as they came down. In one of his terrific leaps he stamped the life nearly out of the game brindle dog and broke loose again, darting into the very midst of the large crowd behind the ropes. A terrific scene ensued. In his mad rush the bull tossed a large box on which a number of persons were seated, and the unlucky ones were tumbled violently over each other in the dust.

"The people behind the ropes became panic-stricken, and a large number of horses attached to buggies and carriages took fright, throwing the whole mass together with a terrible crash, while all who could fled in terror. Fortunately, the rope stretched across the track caught the horns of the bull and brought him to his haunches. Although the horses reared and lunged, mashing some of the vehicles, nobody was seriously hurt, but all were badly scared. The bull was for the third time secured to the stake, and the two dogs left fought him gamely, one seizing his throat and the other his nose. The English thoroughbred slut belonging to Jack Brown, and only weighing nineteen pounds, took the throat-hold on the bull every time, and made the best fight. The dogs were all shockingly cut and bruised by the goring and stamping of the bull.

"In the hardest part of the terrific battle the bull was tangled in the ropes and could not use his legs freely. He came out of the fight fresh and pawing the earth in defiance. This bull was raised in Jefferson county, and is well known for his ferocious disposition. He is very quick and understands how to fight a dog. The crowd drew a long breath, as if relieved from a terrible suspense, when *Rebel* was led out of the ring. Jack Brown's brindle dog, nineteen pounds weight, was awarded the prize for having made the most scientific fight with the bull. A second fox chase, at sight, in which all the hounds were followed by their owners, wound up the exhibition. The exhibition throughout was brutal in the extreme, and too cruel to be tolerated."

Comment on this is unnecessary, except so far as it may serve to elucidate our deduction. People must, indeed, be at a loss for amusement who voluntarily seek it in scenes like these. In fact, such is the explanation of the whole affair. We cannot think that our countrymen are naturally cruel, although the foregoing description is a very black one; but we believe that to the great dearth of public amusements, particularly in the interior, such scenes are mainly ascribable. Diversion of some kind they must and will have, and when men are so situated, brutal and debasing pleasures are almost invariably the ones that are adopted. We should hope, notwithstanding, that the scene we have described is an exceptional one, and that public opinion in most localities of the United States would not permit such cruelties at all. It is mortifying to be thus forcibly reminded of how little progress, at least in certain parts of the country, has been made during the last half-century. Only our older readers will remember that the extreme barbarity of the Americans of the South and West was what English travellers, after the last war with the mother country, were fond of stigmatizing and dwelling upon. In Fearon's *Sketches of America*, published in London in 1818,* an advertisement is copied that had appeared in New Orleans during the author's stay in that city, and which, as a fitting pendant to the Greenland race-course scene, we proceed to copy:

"EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION.

"On Sunday, the 9th inst., will be represented in the place where fireworks are generally exhibited, near the Circus, an extraordinary fight of *Furious Animals*. The place where the animals will fight is a rotunda of 160 feet in circumference, with a railing of 17 feet in height, and a circular gallery, well conditioned and strong, inspected by the Mayor and surveyors by him appointed.

"1st Fight.—A strong Attakapas Bull attacked and subdued by six of the strongest dogs of the country.

"2d Fight.—Six Bull-dogs against a Canadian Bear.

"3d Fight.—A beautiful Tiger against a black Bear.

"4th Fight.—Twelve dogs against a strong and furious Opelousas Bull.

"If the Tiger is not vanquished in the fight with the Bear, he will be sent alone against the last Bull, and if the latter conquers all his enemies, several pieces of fireworks will be placed on his back, which will produce a very entertaining amusement.

"In the circus will be placed Two Manikins, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the bulls to throw them down, will always rise again, whereby the animals will get furious.

"Admittance, grown persons, one dollar; children, half-price" (p. 277).

It is plain from these extracts, descriptive of scenes occurring such a length of time apart, that the system of discouragement in vogue for the last fifty years, that is to say, the system of assailing public amusements *in toto* as unfavorable to religion and morality and thus attempting to drive them out of existence through the force of outraged opinion, has had very little effect. It is plain, too, that the general advance indubitably made in civilization and refinement in most respects and places has not expelled from men's hearts a hankering for the sanguinary and wicked sports of two generations ago. Neither the Puritan nor the man of culture have wrought in this field to conclusive good purpose, although the latter might have done better if rid of the influence of the former. It would appear, then, that the Jerome Park system, *i.e.*, the system of purifying and elevating the inevitable instead of idly declaiming against it, is the only one to which we can look for reforming national

amusements which, in the form taken at Greenland, amount to nothing less than national disgrace. If such a system fails, like the others, to compass the desired object, we must apparently accept the situation and acknowledge that we are relapsing into a state of barbarism.

FEMININE PATRIOTISM.

TO deny altogether to women the possession of that rare and old-fashioned virtue which we call love of country would be clearly to fly in the face of history and to expose ourselves to the just derision of every well-informed nursery in the land. All the veracious chronicles of an imaginary past would blaze with shining refutations; every organ of the outraged womanhood of the present would become voluble with indignant and statistical protest. Not to go back into the dim cloud-land of tradition; not to speak of that accomplished and amiable princess of cosmopolitan story who is constantly giving herself up to save her people from the wrath of ferocious ogre or all-devouring dragon; not to mention Iphigenia or Psyche, whose sacrifice wins new loveliness in Mr. Morris's charming relation, or the young lady who swam the yellow Tiber, regardless of her clothes, to warn Rome of impending Porsena; not to disturb the dusty repose of a venerable but now nearly obsolete work in recalling the devotion of Miriam who struck the loud timbrel by Egypt's dark sea, or the resolution of Judith who smote Holofernes, as Mr. Aldrich has been at pains to celebrate in melodious verse, or the craft of Jael, who, with woman's hereditary weapon, fought against Sisera more effectively than even the stars in their courses; not to go back to these, one interested may find in more modern if not more authentic histories numberless examples of female patriotism. Indeed there are heroines to every taste. If one has a penchant for meek loveliness and pious resignation, there is Lady Jane Grey; or for a heroine of proper pluck and spirit, writing out her patriotism, for the world's eyes to wonder at, in fair, large characters of warlike deeds, there is ample room to choose, from Boadicea,

"Standing loftily charioted

Mad and maddening all who heard her with her fierce volubility," down to Mrs. Brigadier-General Eliza Lynch, emulating on the banks of the Paraná the fame of her ancestresses, who anticipated Mrs. Bloomer by holding Limerick breaches against King William's Dutchmen. For instance, there is the Maid of Orleans, whom the Earl of Warwick burnt and Southey did his best to damn, or the Maid of Saragossa, whom Byron paused long enough in his pilgrimage to help to misanthropic fame, or, not inferior, perhaps, to either, our own Maid of Monmouth, whose name no bard has wedded to immortal verse and only the author of the *Romance of Revolution* has embalmed in mortal prose. Then, for a neat compromise between the two extremes, take Madame Roland, letting out her intrepid spirit on the wings of an epigram, or Flora Macdonald (was it not?) that did such yeoman service to Prince Charlie, or still better, to come nearer home, Miss Anna Dickinson, who is quite as aggressive as the most martial maid of them all, only with less gentlemanly weapons. Nor should we forget the names, ever to be held in honorable and grateful memory, of Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss Dix, and many another gentle spirit beside, who on either side the ocean proved that country may be served as well by the bedside as on the battle-field, and that woman's purest and loftiest mission is, after all, to heal, to comfort, and to bless. A great deal of patriotism, too, of another sort was exhibited during our late unhappy differences by ladies on both sides. With us in the North its manifestations were chiefly defensive, and confined, for the most part, to mild outbursts of jam and custard-pie and countless offerings of confected dyspepsia in other forms for the use of our brave but misguided veterans. Baltimore and New Orleans, under the beneficent rule of a certain great general who shall be nameless, showed it in so offensive an aspect as to elicit from that hero a forcible expression of disapprobation in what his enemies called a new and hardly improved version of Beauty and the Beast. Undoubtedly, too, the women both South and North, more perhaps in the South than in the North because of their greater opportunities, made many sacrifices, from what they considered patriotic motives, which went deeper than the manu-

facture of jellies and the abnegation of bonnet-strings, and are not to be passed over ungratefully by the historian of the time.

In view of all these proofs to the contrary, it would be the extreme of rashness to deny the existence of feminine patriotism. Perhaps the denial would be quite as rash even without the proofs, but that is a contingency we need not pause to consider. To be sure, a hateful cynicism may affect to find in most of the examples we have given some other and more selfish motive subtly underlying and suggesting the professed one. A perverted ingenuity may hold that Miss Clœlia, for instance, in swimming the Tiber, was urged not so much by love of country as by love of gossip and eagerness to be the first who should retail so delightfully awful a piece of news. Jeanne d'Arc to this wretched iconoclast would be only a monomaniac, as one of her biographers supposes, and Agustina Zaragoza disillusioned into a frenzied girl made mad by grief for her lover slain. Pity, not patriotism, he would say—this horrid creature—filled the hospitals of Scutari and Washington with ministering angels, and the ladies, whose beauteous scorn of the invading mud-sill so animates and fires the glowing utterances of Southern song, would be to his sacrilegious eyes not by any means the patriots they and their admirers fancied them to be, but only lovely and romantic idiots. But it is not necessary to incur the contempt of our fair readers by adhesion to this unchivalric hypothesis. It is an old truth that the rule is proved by its exceptions, and the exaggerated glory which enshrines these isolated instances of female patriotism in history goes to prove that, generally speaking, female patriotism is a myth.

And in saying this we do not wish to be understood as holding that this virtue is peculiarly a masculine one. Of patriotism at all there is much less than most people suppose, and if men have more than their share of what does exist, it is but little more than the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. In a small state, with a community cemented by strong and constant outside pressure and a land whose extent permits to every one of its inhabitants a degree of personal acquaintance, love of country becomes something more than a vague abstraction. But for the most part, one's country is comprised within a circle of ten miles around one's hearthstone—a circle peopled with all familiar faces and lifelong loves and friendships, where every foot of ground is hallowed by its own fair memories of joy and sorrow, and every tree or flower is invested with something like the tenderness of a personal affection. Old Fountain's map in *Love me little, love me long* is not much more absurdly disproportionate than the one we each of us carry somewhere hid in our mental consciousness. *Pro aris et focis*, for altar and fireside—that is what we fight for—the altars we have known from infancy, the very stone and wood made sacred by the rites we have shared, the very hearths blackened by the fires that warmed us. Not for the altars and the fires of any other man, but for our own—a selfish doctrine, but is it any the less on that score natural and human? Such as it is, this is what we call patriotism; and a curious observer might find in a certain development of this principle into their doctrine of state rights some explanation of the undoubted advantage of the Southern people in point of earnestness and zeal with which they entered the late war. Abstractions are difficult to grasp, and to most men the idea of country brings only a misty and indefinite image. But our own material prosperity and our own personal affection are things we do understand thoroughly and thoroughly appreciate; for the most of us patriotism is a domestic flower that thrives only under the shade of our own vine and fig-tree. Now all these reasons operate with tenfold strength in woman. Her love of home is stronger, her capacity for generalization indefinitely weaker than man's, and she has to a still greater degree that tender selfishness which elevates into paramount importance in the world's economy the things which are nearest to her heart. Hers is no telescopic vision to look far down the centuries and bring herself face to face with a shining future; within the four walls of home she finds her fondest past, her most attractive future, her country, her world. The cradle of Liberty is to her of not one-thousandth part the consequence of that other cradle where a dearer baby

*The book is reviewed in *The Quarterly Review* for May, 1819, and the advertisement we quote will be found on page 158.—ED. ROUND TABLE.

sleeps; and a hundred Declarations of Independence are to her of less moment than a single declaration of love. Not by convictions or by principles is her life guided, but by the more potent influence of all gentle and kindly affections. Her people's God is her God; whom they love she loves, and whom they hate she hates. This very concentration and narrowness, this irresponsibility, so to speak, often gives to what is called feminine patriotism an intensity for which we look in vain among ourselves; yet if we could but analyze it, what a medley we should find of music and moonshine, of bonnie blue flags and bonnier blue eyes, toss of feather and glint of steel, a shorn curl, a worn favor, all high-flown memories of old romance, all love-inspired enthusiasms and tender follies mingling in a rosy mist, wherethrough the features of the poor Goddess of Liberty grow more and more shadowy and indistinct, till, no—yes, it is a moustache and those are the very eyes of dear Augustus! Woman's patriotism comes back to that, after all; we are not likely to quarrel with her for it.

Within sound of the jangling bells and the booming cannon and the snapping crackers, the roar and turmoil, the mingling of all abominations of discord that is held meet to honor our national birth, this is strange talk about patriotism, and may be found worthy of a condemnatory howl from Elijah Pogram or the ubiquitous Jefferson Brick. Yet, may it not be that we dwell too much on patriotism and too little on philanthropy; may it not be that we look too closely at our dwarfed and self-bound present, careless of all the glorious and mighty possibilities of an expanded future, which shall surely come to us when

"The war-drums throb no longer and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?"

THE STOMACH AND M. BLOT.

OF all the definitions of man given by various writers from Plato down to the last sensational reporter, that one is perhaps the best which classifies him as a cooking animal. The majority of his faculties and abilities are shared in common with either fish, flesh, or fowl; but as Prometheus first used fire to inspire humanity, so was it reserved for his modern successor by the aid of that same material to comfort the bodies of his fellow-beings. The beasts that perish can indulge their appetites with a reckless disregard of time, place, or opportunity. Not so, though, with their illustrious superior. He must obey the laws of health, and, however dissolute or debauched his mind or heart may be, if he would live at ease his stomach must retain its pristine healthfulness. In addition to this fact being a proof of man's high and delicate nervous organization, it also shows that he is intended to choose carefully and moderately in his food. If he neglect to do this, unnumbered are the evil consequences which ensue. Pain, misery, sickness, death itself, all follow from unwary eating. And people should take heed of what they eat and drink not only on physical grounds, but on account of those of morality. It has been well said that fat men are never heard of as heading riots or leading revolutions. This is true for the very simple reason that their stomachs are always in order and that, consequently, they are at peace with themselves and with the world. It is your thin, bilious, acrid dyspeptics who are the fomenters of trouble and confusion. A *gourmet*, beside being a quiet, orderly member of society, is a philosophic example well worthy of imitation. Let the soul-darkening storm of politics rave ever so turbulently, he assumes that things will come right in the end, and addresses himself to dinner with an unburdened mind. For him no *atra cura post equitem sedet*. Shakespeare says that an undigested pea may ruin an empire. What, then, may not be the sequence when the whole body rises in revolt against its food? The Puritans of Old and New England were most undoubtedly dyspeptics; hence their sourness and stern asceticism. A man who could coolly and complacently prove that the majority of his fellow-beings were destined to be eternally damned, as did Jonathan Edwards, must certainly have possessed a bilious, ill-arranged system. Philip the Second, Richard the Third, Catherine di Medici assuredly had disordered stomachs. Louis Seize was able to lay his head under the knife with fortitude because he was a hearty eater and thoroughly enjoyed his food. Marie Antoinette refused to make to the *canaille* the submission which might have saved her life because she ate irregularly and without pleasure. Byron execrated mankind as a natural deduction from scorning his dinner. Werther would never have committed

suicide had he masticated the historical bread and butter, instead of declaiming about it. And we know an ingenious person who maintains that the late war would never have taken place had "hog and hominy" been unknown at the South.

These random instances show how important it is that all well-regulated communities should pay attention to the great art of dining. And it is on this account that, earnestly desiring the most beneficial results to both body and mind, we have saluted M. Blot as a benefactor of his species. His mission is a glorious one, and it is a pity that, like other great missions, it should encounter so many obstacles. Yet, although his unsuccessful scheme of restaurants was theoretically very well as far as it went, it might possibly be carried to a greater extent and be made an important aid to civilization. It is of the utmost consequence to the state that all citizens should be hale and hearty. But this will never be so long as people are permitted to stuff themselves with the nameless abominations sold at most eating-houses. As it is a public offence to commit suicide, so it might be made a misdemeanor to invite sickness. A carefully-considered—we will not say well-digested—bill of fare might be made out in strict accordance with chemical principles, and every inhabitant of the city be compelled to regulate his dinner thereby under penalty of a heavy fine. In our changeable climate an endless variety of food is attainable, and all tastes could, under such a system, be gratified at the proper time and season. For instance, when the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero, the public might be permitted to revel in Esquimaux or Russian luxuries, such as train-oil, blubber, or tallow candles; and when a fiery sun drives the mercury to one hundred degrees in the shade, the *carte* might be reduced to grapes, watermelons, tomatoes, and oranges. A compulsory dietary on these principles could not fail to accomplish great good. Carbon or oxygen would be absorbed by the public system as the weather varied from cold to hot. Now, M. Blot is pre-eminently qualified to draw up such a *carte* as we suggest; and in case the legislature refuses to consider it, we suggest that the great *chef* should write a book, to be entitled "Every Man his own Thermometer; or, The Complete Diner," giving a clear and succinct explanation of what to eat, when to eat, and where to eat. It should be observed that this plan is capable of modification to any extent. Numerous complaints come from the South that the negroes are idle and shiftless. The philosophic eater at once perceives the real difficulty, and decisively says "Carbon." He is right. We do not advise that our "men and brothers" be obliged to swallow so many pounds of charcoal per day in order to become industrious members of society. But let them be fed with carbonized food—not animal matter, as that is too heavy—but with the woody part and stalks of vegetables. On the other hand, should the people of any Northern state be too active or sanguinely radical, their food should consist simply of highly oxygenized matter; say mush and milk or rice and molasses. Were this idea adopted some little confusion would, no doubt, arise at first, but soon the *juste-milieu* would be attained and the United States be transformed into a magnified Acadia. Nor would the blessing stop here. For if a nation were groaning under a tyrant, a few months' proper feeding would soon work it up to the revolutionary pitch; while if it became too impetuous, a palliative regimen of spoon-victual diet would reduce it to the correct level. Children might be brought up either as humble tillers of the soil or as eager, furious disciples of Mars; and now and then, by way of Spartan spectacle, we might raise a genuine "son of thunder." Existing political distinctions might, under such circumstances, fade away, and parties be divided into "Carbonists," "Oxygenists," and those advocating the *in medio tutissimus*; an arrangement which might involve the existence of quite as much bitterness as the Radical and Copperhead divisions of the present day with their various intermediates; but which, at all events, would have the advantage over the latter of always aiming at intelligible objects, and retaining clearly defined lines of demarcation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, June 13, 1868.

THE papers have already given you the result of the Derby: how the race was won by a horse which was not the favorite even of his owner; but it is impossible to describe the race itself, nor yet the in-

terest taken in it this especial year by people of all sorts and conditions.

It has been well said that the heroic, ideal love of the Latin races is paternal or filial rather than sexual or conjugal; for a mother or a child, for "*l'avenir de ses enfants*" they will make sacrifices they never incur for a lover or a husband, while, on the contrary, selfish, personal love is, and becomes more and more, the ideal and the motive of the Anglo-Saxon. So true is this that even a horse-race becomes more interesting when it is known to involve the fate of a man who has done the one thing the vulgar deem heroic—carried off the woman he loved just as she was about to marry his rival. The reason why the famous mare, Lady Elizabeth, instead of retrieving her owner's fortunes, positively refused to run, and came in nowhere, is still a mystery, and will be debated, most likely, for many a year to come.

After the Derby comes what is happily termed "the drive" of the London season, when the Londoner is partly bewildered by the force and variety of the claims on his attention, partly subdued into moderation by the utter impossibility of meeting them all. While the fashionable world is enduring the crush of balls which last till daylight, breakfasts which last till sunset, and five o'clock teas which have snatched away the only leisure moment of the day, the religious world is grappling with the great anniversaries and the annual appeals and reports of the thousand and one charitable and useful societies, and the two worlds can barely find time to meet on the neutral ground of the numerous exhibitions of paintings, which were never finer or larger than this year. Then, beside the two opera houses and the two philharmonics and the serial concerts, there are the annual concerts of the various musical celebrities, and also each of the learned societies which have held sittings and delivered lectures through the winter winds up its labors with a *conversazione*. Racing, pigeon-shooting, and cricket-matches succeed each other daily; and then the dinners! No money can be obtained, it seems, for hospital, asylum, or fund, without a public dinner and a royal duke or some nobleman willing to take the trouble, in order to extend his influence, to preside. But now that no one drinks more than a glass or two of wine public dinners are coming to be a nuisance, and the system will probably soon be abandoned.

The most important event now pending, at least to a very large number of people, is the triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It will be the fifth which has been held there; band and chorus will be gigantic as before, the finest solo-singers in London will appear; but the problem which at this moment engages most attention is the acoustic one. Twice this season has the enormous orchestra, with seats rising like a segment of an amphitheatre, under an arch one hundred feet wide, contained, and contained easily, over four thousand singers; one body being the association called the "Tonic Sol-fa Association," the worthy rivals of the French society who sing according to the Galin-Chévé method; the other the children of the national schools. There have been some delightful concerts, too; but, to speak the truth, although the effect of the choruses delivered by so many voices was very fine, the place is too large for solo singing. It is now sought to remedy this defect by closing in the sides of the vast concert-room—that is, cutting off the arms of the cross which it forms—by means of enormous canvas screens which, having received two coats of paint, will, it is hoped, confine without absorbing the sound.

It was thought quite a piece of royal wit when the Duke of Cumberland said, "Why, Mr. Handel, if you go on like this you will require Salisbury plain for a hall, regiments for choristers, and a park of artillery for orchestra!" Now, the Crystal Palace covers more ground than Salisbury plain, the chorus number more than the inhabitants of a good-sized town, the orchestra would people a village, the sale of places occupies more clerks than are needed in a bank, and the very tickets are as big as a door-mat. What the rush and crush and crowd may be your correspondent would rather not think, nor whether the railroad people are competent to deal with the traffic which will be forced on them. Many persons have taken lodgings for the festival week in Sydenham and the various hamlets which are growing up around the palace.

It is impossible to avoid thinking that the little boy who asked for salt, hoping that an egg would follow, had a great insight into the course of human affairs. Given an enormous gathering-place, and crowds come spontaneously to fill it; military, floral, anniversary, dramatic, pyrotechnic, all kinds of displays and celebrations which, but for the existence of a suitable site,

would never have been thought of, occupy the Crystal Palace, and throng the railroads leading to it, day after day; and had we a similar edifice near New York the result would doubtless be the same.

Those Americans in London who remember the New York festival last May are full of curiosity to hear how English chorus-singing will compare with what was then done; but the comparison is scarcely fair, because, aside from our church choirs, we have in New York no prosperous small societies in which, of course, the best choral singers receive their best training, and from which on great occasions the most reliable singers are drawn. Beside all manner of suburban and semi-professional associations, three societies—Mr. Henry Leslie's and Mr. Barnby's model choirs, and the Glee and Madrigal Union—have been giving concerts at St. James's Hall three or four times a week all the winter, and truly nothing could be more perfect in its way than those we have listened to. The voices are all good, some fine; the music, generally old, always beautiful, and sometimes very learned, is rendered with the utmost precision and delicacy, diminishing to a breath, swelling to a volume, every word articulated, every note done justice to, the whole impression left on the mind is complete and charming beyond anything which in a pretty large experience we have ever heard. And the quaint part of it is the utter dissimilarity from any performance in which Italians take a part. The singers, middle-aged men and women, enter quietly in simple costume, and seem particularly shy of having it supposed that they expect the audience to take any notice of them. The audience, on their part, with words and music before them, listen in absolute silence and with an air of critical severity, darting furious looks at any unfortunate who happens to come in late; yet the affair winds up with a little applause, and the room is filled day after day.

The Puritans, to whom we owe it that music in America can scarcely have been said to exist till toward the fiftieth year of the republic, have never been able so completely to stifle the instincts of their descendants here. Some kind of ballads, some form of glee or madrigal, has always kept alive the popular love for a sweet voice and maintained the habit of singing in concert. But when the musicians of England had escaped the Puritans they met a more terrible enemy, viz., the Italians, whose music, at once more melodious and more scientific, drove the English out of every field but the one where they were strongest, the Protestant Church; but though the composers were thus discomfited, the native singers were not silenced, and the Italians rendered them the great service of presenting perfect models for study and imitation. Beside his business, every middle-class Englishman gives his mind seriously to one of three things: the volunteer drill, athletic exercises, or choral music. The women, being debarred the two first, are still more interested in the last, and the consequence is that every neighborhood has its societies who practise constantly, and the number of persons who, not being professional, can yet sing well and are to be relied on for a great occasion is quite amazing. The festival committee have been advertising these three weeks that their chorus is all filled up and they really can receive no more applications. Altogether, the Festival promises to be entirely worthy of its predecessors, and of the full description which your correspondent hopes soon to be able to send.

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

III.

DIVINE REVELATION: DIFFICULTIES INSUPERABLE.

Bene orasse, bene studiase.—LUTHER.

THE difficulties attending divine revelation which we have so far considered arise mainly from the circumstances by which it is, *ex hypothesi*, conditioned, and are, of course, insuperable. If God could remove them by a simple act of omnipotence even, to do so would be to *unmake* us as men by transmuting us into beings of another order. To consider this possibility would be to subvert the known and necessary conditions of the problem. If, however, we will understand the revelation we must understand what are the difficulties of the case, how far they are insuperable, and how far they are not. Those which follow are *not* insuperable.

The revelation of the infinite to the finite, of the divine to the human, introduces new elements into human thought. These must be expressed either by new words or by new uses of old words. The introduction of new words would necessitate the explana-

tion of their meaning; and to make such explanation in the old terms already known would be quite as impracticable as to express the thought by an old word in the first instance. Hence, the other method was used. The meaning and use of old words was extended, the new meaning bearing some real or conceivable analogy to the old. The same thing is done daily by missionaries to the heathen. New words are usually coined or transferred from other languages to represent new notions, when these are notions of physical things cognizable by the senses. In such case, this is the easiest and quickest process. But when spiritual and divine things are to be expressed it is different. In such case it is usual to extend the meaning of an old, familiar word, so as to include the analogous spiritual notion. In some cases this transition is very easy, and is made with scarce an effort. The word *nature*, for example, from *naturus*, *a, um*, the future participle of *nascor*, designates primarily that which is *about to be*, which will soon come into being according to the modes of existence and order of sequences which we perceive in the world. It is the term by which we recognize that created realm of being which is continually in a state of progression according to established laws. The *nature* of a thing is that with which it comes into being and according to which it will develop itself in being. We already apprehend what is meant by the *nature* of men, or of birds, or of beasts, or of fishes. Now, in this secondary sense, the word is applied also to God. The *nature* of God, in the primary and proper sense of the word, is a contradiction in terms. He is the author of nature; not subject to the laws of nature. But in the secondary sense, as applied not only to men but to God also, the term comprises all His perfections, and denotes His Being as it exists during the whole of its existence. The fact that His existence is an eternal existence does not incapacitate us from apprehending the meaning of the term when applied to him. So the Hebrew *נֶפֶשׁ*, like the Latin *spiritus*, and English *spirit*, denotes, first, *breath*. It is taken, secondly, to denote the *vital principle* which manifests itself in breathing and which, like breath, is invisible. Thirdly, it denotes the *rational principle* in man, the *soul* which knows and feels and wills, an intimate connection being assumed between these two, and both being invisible. Fourthly, the term is applied to similar existences entirely separate from bodies. And finally it designates God himself, who is a similar existence not cognizable by the senses. These illustrations will enable us to apprehend more clearly the long and difficult process by which the race was to be educated up to the apprehension of the nature of God, preliminary to finding happiness in Him. Take the single attribute which we call "holiness." Originally men had this notion in their minds; but because they did not like to retain God and goodness in their knowledge, they finally lost it altogether. The missionaries to the heathen in all parts of the earth find them entirely destitute of this notion. When God would reveal Himself to man it was necessary to give to man again some notion of holiness, and of God's holiness as well. The process was as follows: The word *טָהוֹר*, meaning *clean*, was taken, and directions given that whatever was used in the service of Jehovah must be *thus clean*. Anything which had become *dirty, unclean*, must be *washed, baptized*, before it could be used in His service. But this dirtiness, uncleanness, might be very slight in some instances, not perceptible by the senses. For instance, contact with a dead body might produce no visible effect; but whether it did or not, the person or the vessel who had touched it was declared "unclean," and thus the idea of *ceremonial* uncleanness was superinduced upon that of mere physical impurity. Now, this ceremonial impurity, being only ceremonial, might be removed by ceremonial washing, by simple sprinkling with blood, or with water. And whatever was thus subjected to the prescribed ceremony was declared "cleansed." Thus the idea of ceremonial cleanness, or purity, was fully developed. But all men were declared impure, unclean, *because of sin*. Hence, no one could approach unto God until he had been cleansed, purified. Many and burdensome were the ceremonies of purification—the washing of the body, of the garments; the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer, sprinkling the unclean—to impress upon men the great need of purification from sin before they could approach unto God. They would thus infer that the Divine Nature is entirely free from that in themselves which is called sin, and which rendered them unfit to draw near to God. This is the negative idea of sinlessness, of moral purity. When so much was gained, it was not difficult for beings who always act from some impelling cause to conceive of a cause which prompts God always to act purely,

righteously—which impelling cause, or characteristic, of the Divine Nature is positive *Holiness*. Thus was human language developed, that it might be the better able to reveal to man facts concerning God. But the notions of these facts, thus conveyed, were still very low and imperfect. If more of the defects of the instrument were to be overcome, and more intensity of meaning conveyed, a nearer approach to complete accuracy of description made, one way still remained. The most vivid and intense terms used to describe known things the most like the unknown to be revealed might be taken and used in communicating information respecting the unknown. The same thing is done every day in figurative illustration. It was done in this case. Take, for illustration, the descriptions of future torment. They are drawn principally from the destruction of sinful Sodom and Gomorrah by volcanic fire. "The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire;" and the next morning, and for centuries after, "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." "The whole land," says the Hebrew historian, "is brimstone, and salt, and burning, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein." When the Psalmist comes to speak of the punishment of the wicked in the future, he can find no more appropriate terms than these, and in obvious allusion to these facts says: "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest!" The lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, the smoke of whose torment ascendeth for ever, is the common designation in the Apocalypse. Add to this conception that of the "burning, fiery furnace" into which criminals were sometimes thrown; of the ceaseless groaning of a never-dying worm; the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth which denote the extremity of agony; the statement of Jesus that it will be *worse* for sinners who have heard the Gospel than for the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and we have a notion of future punishment, still inconceivably below the reality, yet vivid and vigorous beyond what could have been imparted in any other conceivable way. Similarly the glory of the heavenly world is described in terms drawn from the magnificence of the temple at Jerusalem, with its gold and silver and precious stones, the adornments of glass and crystal, the brightness of day and night, the freedom from all evil, and the positive felicity expressed by the use of words and instruments of music being superadded. No man more clearly apprehended this than Luther. In his letter to his little boy, written from Augsburg during the Diet there, he was not merely indulging an amusing fancy. He was imitating the sacred writers in giving to his reader such a description of heavenly felicity as he could apprehend. It will bear quotation yet again. "I know," he says, "of a beautiful garden, full of children in golden dresses, who run about under the trees, eating apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They jump and sing, and are full of glee, and they have pretty little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. As I went by this garden I asked the owner of it who those children were, and he told me they were the good children, who loved to say their prayers and to learn their lessons, and who fear God. Then I said to him, 'Dear sir, I have a boy, little John Luther; may not he, too, come to this garden, to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and to play with the other children?' And the man said, 'If he is very good, if he says his prayers and learns his lessons cheerfully, he may come, and he may bring with him little Philip and little James. Here they will find fifes and drums and other nice instruments to play upon, and they shall dance and shoot with little cross-bows.' Then the man showed me, in the midst of the garden, a beautiful meadow to dance in. But all this happened in the morning, before the children had dined, so I could not stay till the beginning of the dance; but I said to the man, 'I will go and write to my dear little John, and teach him to be good, to say his prayers and learn his lessons, that he may come to this garden. But he has an aunt Magdalene, whom he loves very much—may he bring her with him?' The man said, 'Yes; tell them that they may come together.' Be good, therefore, dear child, and tell Philip and James the same, that you may all come and play in this beautiful garden." Whether Luther's description comes within the bounds of strict truthfulness may, perhaps, be a question. But the inspired descriptions of heavenly things, though necessarily given in terms we can understand, lead us beyond the literal significance of the terms, and convey to us ideas which are, so far as conveyed, the simple verity. So much it is necessary to bear in mind in all proper study of Divine revelation.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE VIRGINIA CAVALIERS.*

THOSE ancient and highly respectable but very pugnacious representative individuals, the Puritan and the Cavalier, continue to fight their battles in history. One would have supposed them dead and "food for worms," but they turn up and assert themselves with a quite surprising vitality. The question of their relative vices, virtues, and influence in England having been discussed, rediscussed, and tolerably well settled, a new issue between the hereditary foes has been discovered and opened. Crop-ears and love-locks are again at deadly feud; only this time the seat of war has been transferred to the Western World. Virginia is the immediate scene of hostilities, and the matter at issue is the relative strength during the last century of the Cavalier and anti-Cavalier elements there, together with the share of each in precipitating a collision with England.

As to the folly or the good sense of "the fathers" at that period in separating from the world's best government to try the untrodden paths of a "pure democracy," we shall say nothing. The discussion is useless. The die is cast for weal—or woe. It is a purely historical question, now raised and debated with ardor by the relative defenders of Puritan and Cavalier. The Honorable George Bancroft, in his *History of the United States*, upholds the honor and glory of the anti-Cavalier element in Virginia as elsewhere. Mr. William C. Rives, in his *Life of Madison*, crosses swords with the representative of New England; the opponents close in; and the Cavaliers and Puritans are once more combating à l'outrance.

Let us examine the point at issue. It is curious, and has been enveloped in a very considerable amount of fog. Alas! what human event or "historic" occurrence but has been or will be more or less mystified, and made to change its outlines. The world has so persistently talked about the "Virginia Cavaliers" and their atrocious sentiments of "aristocracy" and hatred of "democracy," that it is quite surprising to find that after all there is great reason to doubt whether there were any Virginia Cavaliers at all! This may startle; but, if we listen to the Hon. George Bancroft, there never was anything more than a merely "perceptible" taint of the Cavalier poison in the old commonwealth. "Its people," says Mr. Bancroft, "having in their origin a perceptible but never an exclusive influence of the Cavaliers, had sprung mainly from adventurers who were not fugitives for conscience' sake, or sufferers from persecution, or passionate partisans of monarchy. The population had been recruited by successive infusions of Scotch, Irish, Presbyterians, Huguenots, and the descendants of Huguenots—men who had been so attached to Cromwell or the Republic that they preferred to emigrate on the return of Charles the Second—Baptists and other dissenters; and in the Valley of Virginia there was a very large German population. Beside all this, there was the great body of the backwoodsmen, rovers from Maryland and Pennsylvania, not caring much for the record of their lineage. "It has been discussed," continues Mr. Bancroft, "whether the spirit that now prevailed (just preceding the Revolution) was derived from Cavaliers, and whether it sprang from the inhabitants on tide-water or was due to those of the uplands. The answer is plain: the movement in Virginia proceeded from the heart of Virginia herself, and represented the magnanimity of her own people."

Thus Mr. Bancroft—upon whose statement, and the manner in which it is made, some observations may be hazarded. Let us say, in advance, that Virginians may possibly feel flattered by this reference of the historian of New England to the commonwealth's "heart"—whatever that may mean—and the magnanimity of her people; but for ourselves we do not precisely understand Mr. Bancroft. The question is a narrow one: Did the "aristocratic" Episcopalian Cavalier planters of tidewater Virginia control society and originate the opposition to England, or was "the spirit that now prevailed" due to the dissenting Germans, backwoodsmen, and rovers from Maryland and Pennsylvania who lived beyond the mountains? "The magnanimity of her own people" may be called as light evasion of the point at issue; an observation which also applies to that other statement that the "influence of the Cavaliers" socially was "perceptible but never exclusive." We are not aware that anybody ever declared the influence of the Cavaliers exclusive in the pro-

per meaning of that term—for everybody knows that the Scotch, Irish, and other dissenters, and German and other settlers, were good citizens, true patriots, and brave fighters. But they did not on that account constitute the controlling element in society, or originate first the political and then the armed resistance to England.

Who mainly settled, controlled, and directed the action of Virginia? is the extremely plain question; and Mr. Rives is as explicit thereupon as Mr. Bancroft is cloudy. "No fact," says Mr. Rives, "is better established than that the early English emigrants to Virginia, for the first half century of her history, with here and there an exception only serving to prove the general rule, were loyal subjects to both king and church. It could not but be so, for the stringent laws of the colony from the beginning with regard to church conformity rendered it altogether an uninviting abode to persons of other sentiments; while the subversion of throne and church in England during the civil wars which soon followed furnished a new and superadded motive for the Cavaliers to seek an asylum in a land where their principles and predilections were unproscribed. Down to the period of the Revolution, then, the great mass of the emigration from England to Virginia must have been, as unquestionable historical proofs show that it was, of the Cavalier strain. . . . After the Restoration there came in a few, and but a few, of the Oliverian soldiers."

Thus, "in their origin" the Virginians seem to have had somewhat more than a merely "perceptible influence of the Cavalier," as Mr. Bancroft says. The fact is that the country was settled by "gentlemen adventurers" for the most part—men fired by the glowing pictures of the New World, and burning to explore its wonders. The lists show thus: In the first one hundred settlers, we find seventy-eight "classed" in Captain Smith's history; and of this seventy-eight, fifty-four are styled "gentlemen." At that time the word meant something—little as it may convey to-day. It signified a person of gentle birth, of education, family traditions, and hereditary spirit of leadership. It may be an offensive statement to some persons in the present age of the world, but at that time it was supposed that birth, breeding, education, and "character" gave their possessors something like a natural right to control ignorance, weakness, and vice. For ourselves, we can look with a philosophic eye back to the days of those brave "gentlemen adventurers," and not count it very great shame and offence in them to have been born of gentle blood, or even to have been of noble origin. We can shake hands cordially with the ghost of "Lieutenant Percy"—that valorous young brother of the Earl of Northumberland; and can love and admire him, as Smith the commoner seems to have done, in spite of his taint of nobility.

The successive bands of "adventurers" continued to resemble the first. Virginia became the "home of poor gentlemen" and the younger sons of titled families. The rich tide-water region was "taken up" and settled in great estates by this class of people. Then the death of Charles I. sent across the ocean thousands of fugitive Cavaliers, and Virginia became what it remains to-day, and will remain for a century, at least, to come—not "exclusively" but powerfully and immutably Cavalier. The meaning of the term may be disguised and disputed, as may be the term "Puritan." But the world does not doubt at all on the matter, nor does Mr. Bancroft. The Puritans, or Roundheads, or Cromwellians, or Independents were dissenters, anti-royalists, and anti-"class" persons. The Cavaliers, or royalists, or sons of Belial, were Episcopalian, and strong upholders of "degrees in a state." One was brave, stern, practical, and bigoted; the other was brave, gay, impulsive, and ready to die for "the point of honor." But this is a subject which it would require a volume to treat, and if we had the space this is not the "place or time."

From his observations on the "origin" of the Virginians, Mr. Bancroft passes to the question, Who aroused "the spirit that now prevailed?" that is to say, What class of people spurred Virginia on to revolution? "Not the Cavaliers," says the historian—"those Cavaliers who never counted for much in Virginia. The revolution came from the heart of Virginia and the magnanimity of her own people." So be it. We shall then be authorized to assert that the Cavaliers chiefly constituted the magnanimity in question, and that the mighty heart from which flowed the blood of revolution was "Cavalier." Mr. Rives adopts the narrowest and most incontestable meaning of the term, and says: "Many of the leading and most distinguished patriots of the Revolution were the descendants of men who had sealed with their blood, on the

field of battle, their loyalty to Charles I. in his contest with the Long Parliament. Washington's grandfather was the first cousin of the Colonel Henry Washington who, in 1643, so gallantly led a forlorn hope for the king at the taking of Bristol. The paternal ancestor of George Mason raised a corps for the service of the king, which he led in person against the troopers of Cromwell. The Cavalier blood of the noble Falkland, who offered up his life on the plains of Newbury, a costly sacrifice to a romantic sentiment of loyalty and honor, flowed in the veins of a Virginia patriot, Archibald Cary. The Lees, the Blands, the Carters, the Randolphs, the Digges, the Byrds, and others among the foremost patriots of the day were of well-known Cavalier descent."

Thus Mr. Rives. He employs the term "Cavalier," it will be seen, in its most restricted significance. Taking it in the broader sense in which it seems to be viewed by Mr. Bancroft, and defining "Cavalier" to mean a Church of England man, not a dissenter, an individual of gentle rather than obscure origin, it will be found that the leaders of opinion in Virginia were almost exclusively Cavaliers. Washington's claim to that title has been shown. Patrick Henry, the "man of the people," was related on his father's side to Lord Brougham, and on his mother's side to some of the oldest families in England. "Cary of Amptill," when he died, was heir-apparent to the barony of Hunsdon. Mason was of an old family, and near the fourth or fifth in descent from Colonel Mason of the royal army. Monroe was the great-grandson of Captain Monroe of the same army, who was rewarded for his fidelity by Charles I. Richard Henry Lee and his brothers Arthur and Francis Lightfoot, with General Harvey Lee of the Legion, came in a direct line from Richard Lee, who raised the standard of Charles II. in Virginia, and is said to have gone over to Breda when the king was in exile there and invited him to Virginia to raise forces against Cromwell. Edmund Randolph was the offshoot of an old and influential family. Jefferson was, on his mother's side, of the same family, and his father was a gentleman of high social position. Edmund Pendleton was of an old English family, and the most persistent opponent of Jefferson's levelling views. Benjamin Harrison was of ancient family. Richard and Theoderick Bland were the same. The Carters, Fairfaxes, and the thousand less prominent leaders were the same. The records of these families will show that they were persons of gentle birth; and the proofs crowd on the investigator at every step that the American Revolution was a movement set on foot, in Virginia at least, by men of wealth, family, and position, and not by the mass of the population. We have presented the most noted names. Consider what they accomplished. Washington, the Cavalier, was the first to take up arms, and effected what the world knows. Mason, the Cavalier, wrote the Bill of Rights of Virginia, the great foundation-stone of human freedom. Jefferson, the Cavalier, was so violent that he was attainted for treason. Pendleton, the Cavalier, was president of the Committee of Safety. Richard Henry Lee, the cavalier, was the mouth-piece of Revolution. Patrick Henry, the descendant of Cavaliers, was the almost inspired orator, sounding the charge. Cary, the Cavalier, was one of the eternal opponents of England. Randolph, Monroe, Marshall, Arthur Lee, Cavaliers—these men were legislators, diplomats, lawgivers, soldiers, presidents, under the new régime. They worked from the beginning with brain and arm for the Revolution and were its real originators. To these men the masses looked; it was they who aroused the storm; and they were, without one exception that we can at present recall, Cavaliers.

Note as a last point the interesting fact that these men never had the least idea of the result of their agitation. A pure democracy was the last thing that they desired, with the single exception, perhaps, of Mr. Jefferson. Washington was a "full-blooded aristocrat," as the phrase now is, and when President received Congress standing in his great reception-room, full-dressed and powdered—the impersonation of authority. Mason lived on his great estate, a baron among his retainers. Pendleton, when revising the laws of Virginia in conjunction with Jefferson, made persevering efforts to retain an established Church and that corner-stone of aristocracy, the "law of primogeniture." These men and their associates were opponents of British "oppression," but they moved against England to secure a "redress of grievances," as they styled it, not to effect a separation from the great English stem. When they could not obtain this and the struggle became one of life and death, they declared themselves independent, and erected a

**History of the United States*. By George Bancroft. Vol. VIII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. *Life of James Madison*. By William C. Rives. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

government without king or nobility. But let the reader guard himself from the mistake of supposing that Washington and his associates intended to found a "pure democracy," as credited; the absurd theory that all men are "equal" originated with Mr. Jefferson. No human being ever less believed in that idea than George Washington. He was forced by circumstances to become the head of a great movement, apparently against the prerogative and privilege of king and noble, but, in his own eyes, he was simply opposing bad government in the House of Commons. See the records for this statement of the sentiments of the leaders in the Revolution. That the movement would go further—not only secure equal representation, but erect a democracy—Washington probably never believed and certainly did not desire. When the die was cast, Washington endeavored to make the best of things. His persistent effort as President was to make the country a republic instead of a democracy. The republic which the great Cavalier dreamed of was a representative government, having for chief officer a Lord Protector or President—a Parliament or Congress elected by the states or freeholders therein—and this was to be a good, strong government without and within; his Excellency the Protector or President was to "hold the rogues in awe," and make his authority respected. There was not much "states-rights" in that theory, it is true, but there was very little "pure democracy"—and as long as Washington lived the government was a republic, was respected, and the "pure democracy" idea could not get a foothold. When, however, Mr. Jefferson—the apostle of sans-culottism and the "rights of man"—came into power, all things suddenly changed. What succeeded was close-cropped hair, unpowdered; shoes with leather strings instead of buckles; pantaloons instead of silk stockings; "Mr." instead of "Excellency;" brusquerie instead of courtesy; equality, democracy, the dead level—in a word, that new régime in which everybody was equal to everybody else; and when to call a man a gentleman was to stigmatize him as an "aristocrat"—to point him out as an object of public hostility, suspicion, and insult. Mr. Jefferson's states-rights views were admirable and unanswerable, but unfortunately they have effected absolutely nothing. His social views were moonstruck, and have inflicted enormous mischief upon his country.

It is only in this year 1868 that we begin to see clearly—to understand the results of the old Revolution—and it is not to hold up "the fathers" and public administration that we thus try to vindicate their leadership. Many intelligent persons are forced to doubt to-day whether that entire transaction was not a very great blunder; but none the less admirable are those old Virginia Cavaliers who acted from their best idea of duty. Those poor old Cavaliers! Let us retire from their presence backward, with hats off and saluting, if the proceeding be not regarded as too aristocratic and unrepugnant! They were brave, they were honest—none braver or honest than our good old Cavaliers. They meant well. They did their best. But they did not get what they wanted—a "redress of grievances," or a republic. They got a "pure democracy," and left it to their children. Thus, then, in place of King George III. we have a more oppressive and detestable monarch—King Numbers I.

LIBRARY TABLE.

TRAVELS BY SEA AND LAND OF ALETHITHERAS. New York: Moorhead, Simpson & Bond. 1868.—We welcome this book as an attempt in the direction of earnest thought. By nature it is a wholesale satire; by structure, a narrative of travels of Alethitheras (Truth-hunter) and his guide, philosopher, and friend, who start from Nowhere, take Everywhere as a way-station, go Somewhere and then back home. Its plan is not only old but clumsy, though it is easier to say so than to find a better. There is a strain of pedantry too throughout, and too much art in places—more talent to see good touches than tact to guard against excess of them. But there is some common, and a good deal of uncommon, sense in the work. The author interests us much. He is, we think, an American and a scholar—rather a curious combination in these days of syllabus—a man not only well preserved as to his classics, but of general information and reading beside. He writes English easily, and conversational English especially well, but in too colloquial a vein; sometimes this chatty way of handling large principles gives force, but more often takes away dignity. In fact, in the whole matter of style the author's boldness is his bane. It is not nature but artifice. Indeed he is really not bold at all, but merely fond of bold phrases. There is nothing grand in doing a thing that is barely not impropriety simply because their better taste keeps others from such doubtful things. It is a sort of literary foolhardiness, like climbing Trinity steeple to smoke a cigarette. But the strange and strong feature of this book, and the main interest, is its

combination of philosophy and prejudice. The author is a man to delight Dr. Johnson—a thoroughly good hater—calm, reasoning, unreasonable, and relentless. Philautia (England) and the Philautians are his prime detestation, and he goes about the whole earth pouring in hot shot upon all John-Bull-dom wherever he can find it. Next, he is a Know-nothing, and a most zealous, spirited, and able one. He particularly objects to our loose system of immigration, and to the low classes of foreigners we import, and is especially severe upon the Irish importation. Another of his special spites is against universal suffrage. On these two subjects he certainly argues with wonderful acuteness and force. We were a Know-nothing ourselves for half an hour after reading some of his chapters. There is abundance of iconoclasm throughout. Shakespeare is shaken up most audaciously, English and French opera derided in a way to make us hope the author never saw either the *Doctor of Alcantara* or *La Belle Hélène*; while, on the other hand, New York (the "city of nasty splendor") is admired and abused with a vivacity and virulence peculiar, we are sure, to its own denizens. But the persistent savageness of his attacks on England permeates everything; he seems to have delved everywhere for examples of English perfidy, cruelty, and foul play, from the old affair of Commodore Porter and the Essex to the Sepoy rebellion, and even the Sayres-Heenan prize-fight. This singular narrow-gauge habit of thought leads him into gross absurdities, through overmuch reasoning on premises too hastily assumed. For instance, he twists himself into the beautiful conclusion that Americans have less wit and humor than Englishmen because of admixture of Irish blood, and because the Irish have no wit or humor except of a certain very coarse kind. We think there are few Irishmen who could read this without refuting it by a most comical Celtic smile of pity. The author has avoided a great many of the stereotyped faults of detail and committed quite a number of others in doing so. His nomenclature is an extraordinary system—or want of system—of pseudonyms, that to any one conversant with Greek and Latin roots and German geography is no concealment at all, and to any one else Cimmerian darkness. Also he displays a large and lofty ignorance of the whole subject of immigration, and has not, apparently, even heard the news regarding it since 1848, when the Emigrant Commissions were established. The consequence of this is considerable balderdash about paupers, convicts, etc., coming over here freely, and such like antiquated stuff, the only cure for which is a daily dose of live newspaper. Take it altogether, true and false, sense and nonsense, fire and foam, metaphysics, criticism, sharp hits, classical quotations, facts, figures, information, and misinformation, it is a book that will interest any one not stupefied with novels to pick up and read, attentively and not too long at a time, to agree with and quarrel with heartily, and like very well after all.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- L. G. GOULDING, New York.—Goulding's Brooklyn Business Directory for 1868 and 1869. Pp. 300. 1868.
SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York.—Footprints of Life. By Philip Harvey, M.D. Pp. 140. 1868.
TAINTOR BROTHERS, New York.—Happy Hours: A Collection of Songs for Schools, Academies, and the Home Circle. By Howard Kingsbury and Alfred A. Graley. Pp. 188. 1868.
J. MUNSELL, Albany.—Memoirs, Letters, and Journals of Major-General Riedesel. Translated by William L. Stone. 2 vols. Vol. I. Pp. viii, 306. Vol. II. Pp. 284. 1868.
CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—A Sister's Story. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles. Pp. 539. 1868.
Nellie Netterville; or, One of the Transplanted: A Tale. Pp. vii, 318. 1868.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—A System of Instruction in the Practical Use of the Blowpipe. By G. W. Plympton, A.M. Pp. vii, 288. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, London.—Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1868. Part I, by W. M. Rossetti; Part II, by Algernon C. Swinburne.
R. M. DE WITT, New York.—Time and Tide: A Drama. By Henry Leslie. Pp. 36.
LORING, Boston.—Was It a Ghost? Pp. 143. 1868.
We have received The Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures; Extracts from the Manuscript Transactions of the Virginia Company of London, by Edward D. Nell; A Guide to the Study of Insects, by A. S. Packard, Jr., M.D.; The Advertiser's Handbook, by T. C. Evans; The Presidicide: a Poem, by J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D., pp. 104; The Fifth Annual Report of the Board of Directors, the Librarian, and the Treasurer of the Long Island Historical Society.
We have also received current numbers of The Workshop, Packard's Monthly, American Educational Monthly—New York; The Broadway—London and New York; Every Saturday, The Monthly Journal, The Nursery—Boston; Our School-day Visitor—Philadelphia; Scott's Monthly Magazine—Atlanta; The New Dominion Monthly—Montreal; The Dartmouth—Hanover.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A WORD OF THANKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: After the repeated and patient efforts which duty seemed to require, I find that I can at present make no arrangement for the presentation and discussion of the scientific questions in regard to which I have lately had the honor of offering a few suggestions to the readers of *The Round Table*. Such being the case, little could be gained, and my near and dear friends fear that much might be lost, by a desultory and irregular warfare against Newton and the atomists. And I find that this apprehension is not confined to my own immediate circle. To give a single example, the ablest conservative thinker of the age writes to me as follows: "I would advise you not to expose any more special ground of your doctrines until you have the whole ready to submit to the public. The world is full of literary

thieves, and if you expose a treasure which may prove so valuable you may expect larceny and downright robbery." I yield to necessity and, since nothing better offers, shall try to leave my manuscripts in such shape that they may be of service to some one else after my death.

In thus concluding my brief correspondence with *The Round Table*, I confess my inability to repress the wish that those—your readers—who have been witnesses of your courtesy to me may also be witnesses of my deep thankfulness. You have practised toward me a rare generosity, of which I am profoundly sensible. I suppose there is not another journal in the land whose editor would not have tossed my letters at once into the waste-basket, and have insulted me for sending them. You might have done likewise, had you been disposed, without damage either to your subscription list or to your reputation for fairness. I happen to be just now in that happy situation where it is such a luxury to our human nature to give the dog another kick—down in the world, with the silly laugh against me, a fair target for the heels of every ass and the venom of every worm. My Lord Lytton, sleek peer as he is, seems to be pretty much alone in the opinion that there may be something royal in adversity—in a novel, of course. Therefore, I have abundant reason to thank you, and from the bottom of my heart I do thank you, for the courtesy you have shown me. I fervently pray that Heaven may bless you, sir, and you will be none the worse off for that prayer. The curse of the rejected, be they slaves or Magdalen: or prophets, is an evil heirloom for any age to leave to its successor, and a beggar's benediction is sometimes better than the favor of a king. Very respectfully,

THE AUTHOR OF *Prometheus in Atlantis*.

JUNE 22, 1868.

P. S.—I have this moment read R.'s letter in No. 178. I wish to say, as emphatically as language can express it, that I never before heard or read of Dr. Trastour or of his writings; and in this and all similar disclaimers is included every one, whether living or dead, who is in any way concerned in or connected with anything that I have ever written. All my doctrines of every kind are drawn from the source indicated in my book—from a living and real consciousness in which the forces of the universe generated them. I rejoice to find that similar ideas are working in so many minds; but I am of the opinion that whatever special truths may be attained by other means, the correct and complete system of the physical universe will never be known or taught among men otherwise than by an interpretation of that consciousness for attempting to outline which I have been jeered and cursed and insulted from Maine to California. The attempt to build a science of the understanding alone, and with no other materials than the abstractions and formulas of the understanding, has miserably failed, as might easily have been foreseen; but, of course, any one who says so will be denounced as a maniac. No one living will more gladly acknowledge and honor the labors of Dr. Trastour than myself; and the same is true of the labors of your vigorous and acute correspondent, V. E. T., of all other men.

JUNE 23, 1868.

THE NEW TRASTOURIAN SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: According to the promise made in my communication of May 30 [published in our issue of June 20—E.D.], I send the following translation of the first article which appeared in the European press under the above title:

LAW OF THE EARTH.

BY P. E. TRASTOUR DE VARAÑO, M.D.

"No form of matter is perpetual. The life of men, too fragile and too brief to permit them to witness the grand transfigurations of nature, has yet, in its passage, been able to collect irrefutable testimony enough of the changes that have already taken place and of those that must ensue. If, as geology and astronomy inform us, bodies perish in detail before perishing altogether, our sun must one day lose the property of yielding light—one of the numberless phenomena of the matter that fills the universe—perceptibly. When the consummation of what must follow shall have been attained, it will die out; and with its extinction will cease the fertility and movement of the earth, that nurse of all the beings that have life. But, under this apparent destruction, the principle of life will not be lost. Not a single atom could be annihilated. New combinations will give birth to a more perfect sun and earth and living creatures.

"This transformation of nature has its period marked through the long succession of ages; but it would be more than temerity to pretend to assign a date to this apparent end of worlds. Herschel—an astronomer of merit—has said that the sun was being carried toward that realm of space in which rules the constellation Hercules. The inclination of the axis of the earth and the situation of our planet, incessantly varying with reference to the heavenly bodies, are a constant source of false appearances, against which we cannot be too much on our guard. By virtue of the difference of the combined movements of the earth and the sun, the latter luminary has been carried, contrary to the order of the signs, not toward the constellation of Hercules, but into Sagittarius, and continues to retrograde in the same sign. When it shall have borne eighty degrees further to the west, it is very probable that the great centres of population of the civilized countries will become uninhabitable; and thirty degrees still further away, the earth will undergo a general devastation which will ravage nearly its whole surface.

"I do not conceal from myself that this announcement will appear rash to those who feed upon the faith of the astronomers. Most men allow themselves to be dazzled by the pomp of calculations which cover, under the stern-looking paraphernalia of analytical formulæ, the nothingness of our opinions, whatever they may be. By that very fact they authorize me to speak out what I think.

"The greatest number of the errors that have bewildered the human understanding arise from the exaggerated use of abstract formulæ. There seems to reign a mania that has become epidemic as to who shall carry off the palm in feats of adroitness, by the aid of formulæ. Though this invading system of metaphysics is honored on the benches of the schools, it is no less true that it is in contradiction with the phenomena themselves.

"Astronomers have seriously taken the illusions of Kepler for the real movements of planetary bodies; and hence has arisen a system that openly violates the laws of mechanics. One must have robust faith, indeed, to believe that the ellipse obtained in the heavens results that it could not have on earth.

"But this is not all. An occult system of physics, repudiated by every truth of mathematics as forcibly as by common sense—that fantastic commentary of Newton, universal attraction, in which he did not himself believe—has become the standard text that explains the irregular march of planetary bodies, the inequalities of the moon, the precession of the equinoxes—all of them vain appearances without reality—and, moreover, all the mistakes made in reference to the dilation and contraction of the small axis of the elliptic orbit of the earth which, they say, maintained in but slightly developed variations, reduce the variations of climate to very narrow limits. Chimerical ideas like those concerning the diminution of the inclination of the ecliptic and of the pretended science of the return of comets which, up to this time, has led to nothing but disappointment. The astronomy of our days does not know very much about the planetary system.

"Eratosthenes, Strabo, and Ptolemy, in their day, saw the sun reflected, at the summer solstice, in the famous well of Syrene. That luminary, in our time, does not even touch the edge of the well. But these alternate approaches and withdrawals of the sun, which return in the great period, do not, in any manner, prove the diminution of the inclination of the ecliptic. If now the sun progressively draws nearer to the earth in the summer, in the lapse of time it will recede from it at that season, and again will be reflected in the well on the day of the same solstice.

"A superior law of physics, specialized in reference to the reciprocal action of the spheres through spaces not void, but occupied by a regulating medium, governs the relations of celestial bodies and renders their collision for ever impossible. Nevertheless, people should remember that, not long ago, menacing announcement and unfounded apprehensions concerning the arrival of a comet that might come in contact with and crush the earth, had agitated vast numbers of persons. Even to-day, the prevailing opinion is that those so-called wandering stars, swept along in extended circuits, at last rush on to precipitate themselves into the fires of one of the celestial suns. In the presence of such an announcement, one asks, with surprise, how astronomy ever reached absurdities like these. What is more distressing is, that these rumors of the destruction of our globe by a comet take their source with men of science. The universe is a piece of mechanism arranged by an unassailable Mathematician, and its immensity is not an immensity of disorder.

"Astronomy may be judged by its fruits. Compelled to resort to expedients to procure it, it is incessantly accommodating its system to the celestial phenomena by pieces of adjustment. Three centuries of continual corrections have not sufficed to make them agree definitively with its teachings. Indeed, it would be difficult to explain how these interminable corrections, which so poorly serve the purposes of our astronomy, could have escaped the least observant eyes, did we not know that anything may be obtained from human credulity.

"Not only is astronomy unable to reconcile the orbits of to-day with those of other times, but it does not even know the length of our civil year. Its almanacs continually give it the same length, although it progressively augments at each annual revolution by a number of seconds proportional to that by which the orbit of the earth increases. Never is there a year of duration equal to that of the one preceding or following it!

"Formerly the first terrestrial meridian coincided with the centre of the sun, at the vernal equinox. At that day the great luminary and the earth were on the same side of the heavens. The centre of the terrestrial orbit which is now in the first part of Capricorn was more than three signs distant from the place that it at present occupies. The length of the tropical year was then 360 days, 1 min., 9 seconds, and 12 hundredths of a second. Since that time the length of the year has grown with the number of centuries; it is longer than it is represented to be. So long as the advance of the year and the successive progression of its length are not recognized, chronology will only be a confusion of incoherent dates, which no historical discussion can remedy. Even the Gregorian correction has no astronomical basis. As the Easter festival threatened, in time, to travel back into winter, Pope Gregory XIII. sent briefs to the most celebrated universities, inviting them to discover some method of re-establishing the vernal equinox in its proper place. After having taken counsel with all the

savants, he ordered, by a bull of the year 1581, that the morning of the festival of St. Francis, October 4, should be reckoned the 15th of October. By this means the vernal equinox, which fell on the 11th of March, was brought back to the 21st of March. But this correction has aggravated instead of remedying the confusion. What the savants did is precisely the reverse of what should have been done. They have curtailed, whereas they should have lengthened, the year. One of these days we shall see Easter come round again, and find ourselves in full springtide in the season marked winter by our almanac-makers.

"It was in the month of May that the grand terrestrial meridian and the sun coincided at the vernal equinox. Since then, the retrogression of the sun in lengthening the year has caused it to pass successively through the days of the months of April and March. The equinox will follow this march in the period of years whose length goes on continually increasing; but the contrary will take place in the period of years whose length will be continually decreasing.

"In time to come, the sun and the earth will again be on the same side of the heavens. But they will coincide at the autumnal equinox, and will have new reciprocal relations. Our planet will describe the largest orbit that is possible to it. The year and the day will be the longest of the entire period. On that same day, before the sun disappears on the horizon, there will be two consecutive noons for the countries over the meridian of which the luminary shall have passed, and two midnights for the countries situated at their antipodes. For after the sun shall have passed the equinox, it will be suddenly seen reascending the heavens backward, passing through the same meridians, and descending in the east. All the stars will rise in the west and set in the east.

"The astronomy of our days argues against the astronomers of antiquity that they transmitted to us a celestial scenery far anterior to the time in which they lived. The truth is that they bequeathed to us the heavens of their own period, and the position of the stars ostensibly proves as much. They may have erred in their systems, but had they fabricated a false sky they would have been stultified by their contemporaries.

"Astronomy looks upon the latitudes and the meridians which served as a point of departure for the calculation of longitudes as stable. Nevertheless, they obey a general movement which is continually changing them. Nothing hinders the verification of meridians that have been traced for a period of time sufficient to sensibly affect the observer of their variation.

"In France longitude was once reckoned from the Ile de Fer; now it is calculated from the meridian which passes through the Observatory of Paris. I think that a conscientious verification would demonstrate that these meridians no longer coincide with the points to which they corresponded at the time when they were established.

"The dimensions, the distances, the orbits, and the movements of the sun and of the planets, which astronomy has published in its pamphlets and its tables, present no certainty, because they have been determined without regard to their most indispensable condition.

"The astronomy of our days submits to its destiny, one that is common to the aberrations of the human mind. It clings obstinately to what is not, and does not see what is. One of the most remarkable secular prearrangements which responds to one of the greatest astronomical necessities of the planet we inhabit, and which may even concern our planetary system itself, entirely escapes its observation. I mean that decree of universal mathematics which has collected all the land on one half of the globe and covered the other half with an immense ocean—mechanism of transcendent simplicity, which, better than any other, perhaps, throws out in relief the hand of the Creator by the geometrical regularity of its results.

"Gliddon, on his return from Egypt, lent me, I think it was in 1843, the reply of Letronne to Biot on the subject of the planisphere of Denderah. I have not read Biot's dissertation. This is not the place in which to state the reasons that prevent me from sharing the opinions of Letronne. But I remember having read, in his reply, a phrase conceived in nearly the following terms: 'Their ignorance of the precession of the equinoxes (speaking of the ancient Egyptians) renders this explanation historically impossible.' What, the ancient Egyptians not acquainted with the retrograde movements of the heavens! They knew them very well, but in a way different from what we have imagined them to be. They ascribed them to their true cause, and not to the equinoctial points. The equinoctial points, like the solstices, are perpetually fixed. They never change. From the little that we know of ancient Egypt—of Egypt prior to the days of Cambyses—it may be affirmed that the priesthood understood the movements of the heavens better than our learned societies. Their system of the universe, with which we are unacquainted, could never have been an incoherent jumble like that of the Alexandrian school, known as the Ptolemaic system; nor absurd, like the system of Tycho Brahe; nor erroneous, like the system of Copernicus.

"The historical facts that we possess concerning antiquity tend to create the supposition that the beginnings of the different nations which have appeared on the earth go back to the same origin, or to migrations that had confounded men in the same place. I shall confine myself to a consideration of this opinion from an astronomical point of view. It will be seen by what I am going to state concern-

ing this subject that there existed among the nations of antiquity a community of ideas which gives an air of great probability to the notion.

"The Chaldean period of 432,000 years, and the period of 30,000 years which the Egyptians counted from the commencement of Typhon to the death of Osiris, are generally known. The chronologists, to reconcile these enormous accumulations of years with the exigencies of their systems, have, some of them taken each year to mean a day, and others a lunar month. It will be seen by the dissertations to which these periods give rise that opinions vary as to their duration. The generally accepted view in our time fixes the Chaldean period at 432,000 days, and the Egyptian period at 2,424 solar years. In the colleges a totally different interpretation prevails. There they are treated as fables invented by national vanity to push back beyond reasonable limits, to the glory of Chaldea and of Egypt, the antiquity of their political existence. This explanation refutes itself if we consider that these long periods are found precisely in the recitals of those races who studied astronomy. The 432,000 years of the Chaldeans and the 30,000 of the Egyptians are nothing but astronomical formulæ. The first number responds to 120 degrees of the zodiac, and the second to 8 degrees and 20 minutes.

"The priests of Chaldea and of Egypt, it is known, communicated the real meaning of their scientific formulæ to the descendants of the sacerdotal families whom they instructed in the sacred colleges. But they concealed it studiously from the crowd and from strangers, or presented their calculations to them only under allegorical forms. This reserve was imposed upon them by a policy of self-preservation, because it guaranteed to them that intellectual supremacy from which flows all other advantages.

"The Chaldeans related that, during their period of 432,000 years, ten of their kings, of whom the first was Alorus, and the last Xixistratus, reigned 10,000 years. One might ask, without being obliged to recur to useless discussions, the significance of the relation between 432,000 and 10,000 years.

"But before coming to a solution of this problem, of rare simplicity, I would remark that the different periods of the ancient nations are but subdivisions or multiples of the Chaldean period. The Egyptian period of 36,000 years multiplied by 12 gives 432,000 as the product. The other periods of the Egyptians of 30,000 multiplied by 14.4, and of 24,000 years multiplied by 18, reproduce 432,000. The Brahminical period of 1,728,000 years divided by 4, and the other period of 1,296,000 years divided by 3, give the Chaldean period for a quotient. Finally, their period of 864,000 is the double of 432,000.

"So unanimous an accord between the astronomers of high antiquity as to the combined movements of the sun and the earth could not be due to chance.

"The method of calculating the number of seconds by which the first terrestrial meridian annually diverges from the centre of the sun, at the vernal equinox, discloses to us the way in which the ancients turned their formulæ to account. It is plain they took as the basis of their calculations the fundamental year of 360 days, and that they added to it quantities of time proportional to the number of seconds by which the meridian had withdrawn from the sun. In this way they had the means of instantly finding the number of seconds by which the orbit of the earth increased, and to express with exactitude the length of the tropical year. Thus, the terrestrial meridian, coinciding with the centre of the sun, at the vernal equinox, diverges from it as follows:

432,000	seconds in	10,000 years	of 360 days
43,200	seconds in	1,000 years	of 360 days
4,320	seconds in	100 years	of 360 days
432	seconds in	10 years	of 360 days
43.20	seconds in	1 year	of 360 days

"The opinion of Letronne has its pendant in the notices on climates, inserted by Arago, in the *Annual of the Bureau of Longitude*, which I read, I think, in 1835 or 1836. According to that astronomer, climates are nearly fixed, or do not vary sensibly in considerable lapses of time.

"Climates, on the contrary, are subject to extreme vicissitudes. In the northern hemisphere, the middle countries of Europe, Asia, and America will have, for centuries, a climate warmer than the one actually in existence at the torrid zone. Both Paris and New York will produce the flora with still greater vigor. These latitudes will next become uninhabitable. A burning heat will strike them with sterility and death. It will not rain again on the earth for thousands of years, and the largest streams of water will be dried up. The populations of the northern temperate zone, of the torrid zone, and of the southern hemisphere will find no other means of safety than by migrating to the far north, to the regions of the icy zone; countries which will then have an annual spring, and boast excessive fertility.

"The countries of the temperate zone on our hemisphere will afterward have, in the course of time, the repulsive climate which in our days desolates the soil of the polar regions. Southern France, Italy, Spain, and Greece will no longer be fit to produce the vine or the olive-tree. The Alps and the Pyrenees will be covered with permanent masses of ice. The glaciers of the arctic pole will extend toward the south to considerable distances, of which nothing in our time conveys any idea.

"The most transcendent language of algebra has no prevailing right over actual observation. It is whatever the opinion of him who employs it chooses to make it. La Place, almost the peer of Lagrange, and after him the first

mathematician of the age, has constructed his "Celestial Mechanism" (*Mécanique Céleste*) in huge quarto volumes, full of calculations most difficult to read. A work not of genius, but the colossal product of a mathematical intellect of the first order. I must crave pardon for thinking that observation will cause its pages to be erased by posterity, astonished at our credulity.

"SAN JORGE, NICARAGUA, March 4, 1865."

Such is the original document which, taken up throughout Europe, and warmly discussed there, too, on all sides, has led to the foundation of "a new school in astronomy," to give it the rightful title.

I am translating the second article, and will soon send it to you. Respectfully, W. J. R.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1868.

A WORD FOR LIFE INSURANCE.

IS your life insured? If not, why not go this day, this hour, this minute, and do the good deed? It is a maxim with business men that no vocation is worth following the stock, fixtures, and good-will of which it is not worth while to insure. Is life to be placed in a different category, an inferior one in this wise, to a vocation or a trade? No thoughtful man will say so. And yet hundreds of thousands of intelligent people neglect to insure their lives, when it can be actually proved that in doing so they make a better investment than savings banks with compound interest can assure them, or than real estate with all its fabulous rise in value can be depended upon to bring in. Dr. Franklin used to say that a policy of Life Insurance was the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family. But in Dr. Franklin's time the scope and variety of advantage to be gained by the different modes of Life Insurance now in vogue had not even been dreamed of. It is not necessary in our day, when taking out a policy, to look forward to the grave alone as the harvest-time for the seed now sown. A man may insure his life as a mere business speculation, to gain capital to enlarge his operations, to guarantee the payment of a debt, to make sure in ten, fifteen, or twenty years of a round sum for himself; he may do these and many other things beside the more common and obvious one of providing for the family he may leave behind him.

In earnestly recommending Life Insurance to the public at large, we are not at all afraid of being charged with puffing business interests for selfish ends. The puffery which we hold it to be unworthy is that which aims by exaggerated or untruthful representations to enrich a few individuals at the expense of the community. With Life Insurance the case is manifestly different. The purchaser here receives a value for his investment which can be mathematically shown to be in any event an equivalent, and, in certain contingencies, something very much more. He does not give up for the good of others—unless, indeed, for that of his family—a tangible advantage susceptible of immediate use. On the contrary, his policy begins to grow in value from the moment he receives it, and the division of profits, now so largely practised by the great companies, often entails an extraordinary return. There seems to be no end to the number of convenient purposes to which a policy of Life Insurance may be put at the present time. The old objections that premiums would be all lost on a single failure of payment; that no good would come of a policy to one's self, but only to others; that, however easy to pay a premium now, it might be difficult some time hence; that only the miserable event of death would make the speculation pay anyhow—all these and divers other pleas equally cogent have been disposed of by ingenuity and experience, so that either or all of them can now be satisfactorily met and obviated.

People of large property often hesitate to ensure their lives upon the apparently reasonable ground that there is no necessity for such a step. Their families will be well off come what may, and wherein lies the advantage of making a present sacrifice for further and superfluous provision? The question seems unanswerable, and yet, oddly enough, such cases are often precisely those in which the possession of a policy would have been of the greatest conceivable utility. A passage bearing upon this point by a recent writer is sound in the fullest degree. He urges that "one of the most important benefits to be derived from Life Insurance is, that it enables the man of large means, but of extended and varied business, to provide an amount of ready cash immediately after his death, to be used by his family either to meet their daily necessities or to aid in closing up the estate to the best advantage. To this end some of the richest men in the country have made large insurance on their lives, and the results are always satisfactory. Thousands of dollars have been saved in the closing of estates by means of a small amount of ready money. The records of our Surrogates' Courts will attest to the truth of this statement, and that, on the other hand, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have been lost, and estates utterly ruined, for the want of a small sum of ready money. Life Insurance provides a remedy for all this; and a policy of insurance on the life of the husband, payable, as the law directs, to the wife and children, does not wait the law's delay, but comes up promptly to the rescue of the hard-earned estate of the deceased. When a house is discovered to be on fire, the first inquiry made is, 'Is it insured?' If not, the carelessness or neglect of the owner is severely reprobated. How much more censurable is it in a father or a husband to die, leaving his family unprovided

for, when they could have been secured against poverty by Life Insurance. Let every man ponder on this."

The enormous growth of the business of Life Insurance both in Europe and in this country is a strong presumptive argument in favor of its usefulness and the equitable adjustment of its details. If time did not attest and make good their pretensions to benefit the community, the great companies, instead of becoming richer and more respected as they grow older, would fall into disrepute. An enterprise may be conducted on a fallacious basis for a time and may succeed in duping the public to a certain extent, but no such concern will run decades into generations, meeting its engagements on every hand and continually strengthening its hold on public confidence, unless its foundations are stable, healthful, and secure. We believe that the great companies of New York—and our readers will credit that we express no such convictions without circumspect examination—are among the staunchest and most trustworthy monetary institutions in the world. Indeed, conducted upon the principles that most of them are, their failure would be as near impossibility as that of any subinary thing. They are always growing, and they take no risks which are dependent on commercial accidents or monetary revulsions; and hence in the most troublous times they may confidently be expected to stand firm.

Our present observations have been immediately suggested by a circumstance not, indeed, of uncommon occurrence, but of a character which, when coming within the sphere of personal knowledge, has a forcible effect. A friend, supposed to be wealthy, but who had dealt largely in fickle staples and speculative securities, was induced to insure his life for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. He was a healthy man, in the prime of life, and supposed to be worth ten times the sum assured. Some of his acquaintance rallied him on the needless precaution, and, strangely enough, his wife was somewhat annoyed by it. She and her two children were well provided for as she felt confident, so well as to make future competency a certainty. Real estate to a considerable amount had been settled upon her three or four years before, and, whatever her husband's speculations, this would be ample provision for the future, even should mischance befall him. But mark the event. The husband, while on a journey, died suddenly, exactly seven months after taking out his policy. His affairs were found irretrievably involved. Falling markets and violent fluctuations in stocks had engulfed everything. The estate would barely pay its debts and no more. Meanwhile the wife's real estate was entirely unproductive, and was mortgaged for certain buildings erected upon it, the rent of which would probably just suffice to cover interest and taxes for some years to come. The case was a striking and fortunate one as illustrating the benefits of Life Insurance. The lady and her children were saved from want by the prompt payment of the policy, and can now look forward to a life of comfort, to be followed, in all human likelihood, within a few years, by a life of abundance. Instances like these are not singular, but it is fair to testify to them when they fall under our own immediate observation. Such an experience might be repeated in the case of any individual among us; and the path of duty to the upright and conscientious is therefore plain.

We make no scruple, then, in saying to our friends, both in public and in private, Insure your lives. None can tell what an hour may bring forth. None can be certain, however prosperous in appearance his affairs, of not leaving those who are nearest and dearest to suffer a long life of trouble and penury through a negligence which has no just excuse. None will die the sooner for being insured, for a prudent and manly regard to a high obligation is rather likely, by setting the conscience and the heart at rest, to protract life than to shorten it. And apart from, and independent of, all this, if only on purely selfish grounds, a careful study of the offers and principles of our best companies will show that Life Insurance *pays*; a consideration which should be of supreme and conclusive weight with our thrifty and far-seeing community.

TABLE-TALK.

CLUBS FOR LADIES, on what we believe to be an essentially novel plan, were suggested in *The Round Table* a year or more ago, and we have had the satisfaction of learning that, in one or two instances, the hint has been acted upon with satisfactory results. Our plan—which, however, is capable of modification to meet different requirements—originally had reference to the innumerable country villages whither families from the large cities are resorting more and more each summer. In these, especially when all the gentlemen in the community are absent during the day, the ladies, bereft of household cares, of call-making, of shopping, are frequently very much bored. For them, it seems to us, the natural refuge is a club-house, whither they may betake themselves with their "work" and their conversation and the other devices in which collective womanhood finds solace. In the evening they would bring thither their husbands, or brothers, or whatever species of men may in anywise pertain to them, and thus secure all the benefits of social gatherings without the formalities necessary in town, the troublesome preparations involved in any private house, or the tremendous obstacles to a successful evening "party" in the country. The main points to be established would be the ladies' proprietorship of the club, its existence for their special behoof and in accordance with their tastes,—and that the gentlemen were merely the

guests of this corporate hostess. The club-house might vary from the least pretentious cottage to a structure that embodied all the features of men's clubs except the appliances for eating and drinking; in its most elaborate form it should comprise a large room to be used as sitting-room by day and reception-room in the evening, a reading-room, and a billiard-room; and, if its high favor among the gentlemen were desired, especially among the fathers and husbands from whom these luxuries are ultimately to be derived, nothing could contribute more to that end than a room, open of course to ladies adventurous enough to seek it, but dedicated to the cigar. The social advantage of such clubs, if their membership were properly guarded, must readily suggest themselves. They would bring people together who in the country rarely meet throughout a whole summer; would relieve the ladies of long days of ennui; would almost nightly occasion informal social gatherings of people who could not be tempted to go out in state, which should lack the manifold objections to be calculated by party-goers and party-givers; would be the natural home of flirtation (for those who like it), and the natural rallying-point for picnics and similar rural amusements. Furthermore the thing would be comparatively inexpensive, its annual cost to each family amounting to less than a single evening's formal entertainment or dinner, while each could take as much or little part in it as she pleased without incurring social indebtednesses which, in country lodgings more than any other situation in the world, it is impossible to defray. In town, with modifications that experience would quickly show, the same thing might be done even more readily. We are satisfied that the club has capabilities of enjoyableness that women alone can satisfactorily develop. Only—and without any disposition to triumph at the downfall of "Sorosis,"—we may express a hope that the lesson will be heeded—it should be understood that if it is not good for men, it is still less good for women to be alone. These points once settled, we have little doubt that the supremacy of one-sex clubs would soon be at an end.

MME. RISTORI sailed, on Saturday last, for Europe. Her performances here have been, on the whole, highly successful, and have undoubtedly tended to raise the taste of the public in dramatic art. We are sorry, however, to chronicle a very silly piece of business which occurred as a part of the farewell entertainment given on Friday, the 25th ult. In the words of a daily newspaper:

"At the conclusion of the performance, in response to the enthusiastic call of the large concourse of spectators, Ristori came before the curtain and delivered the subjoined farewell verse:

"The end has come: the last words must be spoken;

From great and free America I part:

But never, never can the spell be broken—

For memory I take—and leave, my heart!"

These graceful words were received with many manifestations of public sympathy. Numerous bouquets were thrown to the actress. The scene was uncommonly animated, and the parting will long be held in recollection."

When will foreign performers cease to treat American audiences like so many little children? The reply is perhaps obvious—When American audiences cease to behave as such. In most European capitals an outgush of bathos like the above would have been laughed off the stage.

THE Peabody Southern Education Fund is apparently being disbursed to the best advantage. Such is the assurance of its judicious employment that, beside the large gifts of books which several publishing firms have made, further donations of varying sums are being made to it, so that the New Orleans correspondent of *The Mobile Sunday Times* announces that in no long time the fund will have become \$2,000,000. Already, he says, the schools are getting as much real benefit as could have been purchased by three or four millions in cash on any other system. The plan has been to require each parish or township to make up two-thirds the amount required for the support of its schools, the agent permitting rent of buildings and unpaid dues from poor pupils to be reckoned as cash, and the trustees of the Peabody fund, through their general state agent, supplying the remaining third. Unfortunately, one of the consequences of this scheme has been to excite the cupidity of the school authorities in almost every district, who seek for more than their share by the contemptible expedient of falsifying the number of children—another evidence of the almost total absence of moral sense in persons dealing with the public, as evinced in the matter of tax returns, customs, etc.; and, on a broader scale, in the apathy with which the grossest public frauds are regarded—a state of things largely due doubtless to the universal conviction that of the hardly-earned sums taken from us by taxation only a very small proportion will be economically applied to legitimate ends. In the case of the Peabody fund, however, the vigilance of its agents has frustrated frauds of this sort. We regret that they have not made examples by declaring forfeited the claims of districts which essay the imposition.

A CLUB is said to have been formed composed "of Southern men born in the South or of life-long residence there, formerly slave-owners, and embracing many who served in the Confederate armies." We append a portion of the manifesto published by this association. No possible comment that could be passed upon it would prove more suggestive or eloquent to intelligent readers than the context itself. We content ourselves, therefore, with recommending that it be read in connection with the protest of the State of Louisiana to the Senate of the United States:

"The Southern Impartial Suffrage Club proposes to furnish, for the momentous debate to which every American will soon be summoned,

speakers from the South who will undertake to maintain, on our part, the affirmative of the following propositions:

"First, That impartial suffrage and equality before the law, without regard to the previous condition of rebellion or servitude, is the fundamental condition precedent to any successful policy of Southern reconstruction.

"Second, That the question of franchise is the test of the integrity of emancipation, in this, that if the colored race is unfit for citizenship, then emancipation was a mistake.

"Third, That if emancipation is defended on the ground of necessity, forced on the nation by the war, then suffrage to the emancipated race is a coincident necessity flowing logically and inevitably therefrom.

"Fourth, That this policy should emanate from and be guaranteed by national authority.

"In the discussion of these propositions we propose to deal with the facts settled and established by the war. We do not intend to involve any antecedent convictions or prejudice in our arguments. Indeed, our preferences are not in issue: our necessities are. We propose, therefore, to approach the solemn and distressing circumstances which surround us at the South, so far as possible, without regard to any partisan interest or personal feeling whatever. And we here, in the name of the enlightened Republicans of the South, disclaim all feeling of political resentment against the victims of sectional disunion, or sympathy with any policy of proscription, confiscation, or punishment for political opinions or political offenses.

"We maintain the principles set forth above—first, because they are right; secondly, we have taken an early and advanced position as Southern men in their support and vindication, because they are pre-eminently beneficial to the South; and we claim for them the consideration of the American people, because we believe them to be strictly in harmony with the best interests of the nation at large."

THE REV. DR. MORRIS JACOB RAPHAEL, who died last week in New York, in the seventieth year of his age, was one of the most eminent of the Jewish rabbis in America, having been, probably, since the recent death of Dr. Isaac Leeser, the ablest of the ministers and representative men of American Judaism. Born in Stockholm and educated at the Jewish college at Copenhagen, he went in boyhood to England, where, except for three or four years spent at the German University of Giessen, he made his home until, in 1849, he came to this country on what was designed for a short tour, but ended in his assuming the charge of a synagogue in New York. During his English life he established, in 1834, *The Hebrew Review*, the first Jewish periodical issued in Great Britain; in different controversies he contributed much to the repute of his co-religionists, and took a prominent part in the election of Baron de Rothschild to Parliament. As an orator his reputation was not less in England and Germany than his frequent tours throughout the United States had acquired here among Christians as well as Jews. But his greatest eminence, perhaps, was as a varied and accomplished scholar. His studies took chiefly the direction of history, but he was also a thorough scientist, and as a linguist his acquirements were very great, including a familiar acquaintance not merely with the French, English, German, Scandinavian, classic, and Hebrew languages, but with their literatures also. His chief published works, aside from many years' contributions to the periodical and newspaper press and numerous minor devotional and controversial works, were translations of the works of Maimonides, the *Book of Principles*, eighteen treatises of the *Mishna*, and various ethical works. In his church he was a leader of the conservative school, and he was scarcely more esteemed in it than by a large proportion of the Christian public.

MR. MATTHEW VASSAR—an Englishman by birth, but who has resided from infancy at Poughkeepsie, where he

acquired the fortune whose munificent application to the education of women has given him a national celebrity—died last week, expiring painlessly in the chair where he sat reading his usual annual address at the graduating exercises of the Vassar Female College. Mr. Vassar was in every way a good and public-spirited citizen, but his name will be chiefly perpetuated by his gift of over \$400,000, made, it is said, in compliance with the suggestion of a niece to whom he was much attached, for affording to young women the highest educational advantages that our colleges offer to their brothers. The good deed, we trust, will in time be noted as one of the marked events in the history of education, and the doer's name be honored through the generations as that of a benefactor to whom a social revolution of incalculable beneficence has owed its origin.

MR. HORACE GREELEY, reasoning from those impartial premises and with that judicial deliberation which render his opinions on all subjects of so much value, deprecates at some length in his tasteful journal the absence of literary weeklies in New York, such as would suit his—not the public's—desire. He says: "The literary journal which is to reach the best classes of American society must be thoughtful, earnest, vivacious, and elegant." Mr. Greeley's scholarly attainments, delicate perception, and gentlemanly habits of thought and expression are admirably adapted to make him a trustworthy judge in such matters, and we earnestly recommend him to revive *The New Yorker*—in which journal he exhibited all these qualities to so much advantage a few years ago—and thus to fill for his own and similar tastes the niche which existing publications are so unfortunate as not to supply.

MORMONISM has been so insisted upon as an American institution by kind friends abroad that there is something very like comfort in finding *The Pall Mall Gazette* suggesting a view of the case adapted to an American circulation which, so far as we have observed, it remains for us to give it. The text lay in this bit of news: "Six hundred and fifty Mormon emigrants sailed from Liverpool on Saturday for the Salt Lake by way of New York. A large proportion of the emigrants were women;" and *The Gazette's* comments were as follows:

"Any American bookmaker who wished to do a clever thing had only to go to Liverpool after reading this paragraph and there make inquiries about the Mormons. He would probably be referred to Wales, and if he pursued his journey thither he would soon discover that he had hit upon the large training-ground of Mormonism. He would find that we rear the followers of Brigham Young and that America gets the credit of them. A thrilling picture of the frightful state of social life in Great Britain might be drawn from the presence among us of strange sects. Wales is a great deal nearer to the heart of England than Salt Lake or Oneida Creek is to anything which deserves to be called 'American'; and an enterprising traveller, gifted with a little and sinewy style, might easily delude a portion of his countrymen into the belief that the Mormon nursery in Wales can be safely taken as an example of the relations which exist between the sexes all over the country. If he did this, and did it well, he would deserve to be considered a very 'smart' man, for—to use a common phrase—he would have paid us back in our own coin. We send shiploads of Mormons to America and then write books to prove that Mormonism is the natural fruit of the loose principles which prevail in America."

Our contemporary might have added that England, having first produced them by the work of centuries, sends us likewise most of the stupidity, improvidence, ignorance, and crime that fill our poor-houses and prisons and corrupt the ballot-box, and, in the train of the demagogue, are pretty steadily

pushing on to demonstration the futility of popular government. Perhaps some day this too will be appreciated.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT—formerly one of the *Figaro* staff, and more recently the editor of *La Lanterne*, the new satirical weekly which started at a bound into such remarkable popularity—has occasioned another exhibition of the undefined status of French journalism. Writing in *Figaro* some weeks since concerning a picture, by Gérôme, of the execution of Marshal Ney, he delivered himself of opinions which the Paris correspondent of *The London Times* thus summarizes:

"M. Rochefort began by expressing his surprise that this year, more than any other, should be chosen for the glorification of the marshal. Ney is neither more nor less guilty in 1868 than he was in 1815; his guilt was great, and but for the writer's antipathy to capital punishment in general, he always thought that no one ever merited it more than Ney. He could perfectly understand the sympathy felt for young Labedoyère, the first to join his old general on his return from Elba, in spite of all his promises to oppose him; but as for Ney, perceiving at Lyons, at the moment, that nothing could restrain the will of the populace, whose idol Napoleon had never ceased to be, and hastening on to swell the torrent which he had been charged with arresting—that is to say, abandoning the Bourbons in their greatest need and throwing himself into the arms of Bonaparte, who was then rising to the surface—M. Rochefort saw in his conduct calculations in which the general interest was sacrificed to his own. It may be objected that Ney was a soldier, and not a political man. But if he was not a political man, why did he accept a political mission? He admits excuses for his conduct, and even pity for himself, but he cannot allow that he is deserving of admiration. Ney himself was perfectly aware of this, for he died with the indifference and the resignation of a man who knew that it was death only that could reinstate him in public favor. Ideas of that kind occur to those who look at M. Gérôme's picture. A man dying for his convictions is a spectacle full of grandeur; but his death for convictions which he does not possess is merely an event. His last cry should have been 'Vive l'Empereur!' and if he did not utter it, it was because he had excellent reasons for his silence. The picture, then, has merely the value of an episode in spite of the patriotic character given to the principal personage."

In consequence of this, General Ney, Prince of Moskowa, the son of the marshal, sent seconds to M. Rochefort, demanding satisfaction. His refusal to grant it led to a letter from the seconds to the newspapers, to which M. Rochefort replied publicly as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: I have again read over the article which occasioned a demand for reparation on the part of the Prince of Moskowa; and it appears to me absolutely impossible to find anything in it but the exercise of my right as a critic. I can understand that the Prince of Moskowa, as the son of Marshal Ney, may have felt pain at it; and I do not hesitate to say that had I reflected that it would have been read by the son I should have made it less sharp. But in a historical point of view, it is impossible for me not to insist upon my right. I am entitled to pass on facts which are true—the opinion I deem proper. Had I thrown out a false insinuation—for instance, that Marshal Ney had received money from a foreign power—reparation might be demanded for a substantive and calumnious defamation; but to accept the system that one is not free to judge the public acts of men who have played so prominent a part is simply to consent to lock up our histories and put the keys in our pocket. If I take the liberty of putting in print my opinion on the conduct of Davoust, Augereau, Talleyrand, and a hundred others in 1815, I must, forsooth, give satisfaction by arms to all the children of these different personages. A duel between the Prince of Moskowa and myself would be a precedent for others, and on no better grounds, and would seriously affect the freedom of discussion. It is, then, a question of principle, on which I can admit of no compromise. To say that the Prince of Moskowa is right, would be to accept the character of insulter, which I most decidedly repudiate. I have had, as perhaps you know, many duels, the cause of some of them being far from serious, but, at all events, they did not concern my right of criticism. I refuse, then, to set a bad example to my confrères—in other words, I refuse the Prince of Moskowa a reparation by arms."

"Receive, gentlemen, etc.,
HENRI ROCHEFORT."

The palaces of Europe have yet to derive a new charm from an American production. No perfume to royalty has ever produced an odor for the handkerchief that deserves to be named in the same year with Phalon & Son's sense-delighting extract of the FLORE DE MAYO.

Lorillard's Yacht Club Smoking Tobacco contains orders which entitle the smokers to genuine meerschaum pipes, carved after an original and appropriate design by Kaldenberg & Son, who warrant every pipe as being of the best material. The Yacht Club Tobacco is sold everywhere. Pipes are delivered from our store, 30 Chambers Street, New York.

AT THE EXPLOSION
In the Bowery,
On the evening of the 18th,
Those fearful scenes,
The mangled bodies,
The scalded, quivering victims,
Pleading for help, relief;
Some begging to die,
To escape the dreadful agony,
Brought to my mind forcibly
My own condition
A few months ago.
I was at work in a brewery,
A tub of boiling liquid
Above my head;
I was in the act of removing it,
When it partially upset,
And the large sleeve
About my right arm
Was filled with the hot juice.
I called for help;
It took a full minute
Before assistance came.

I had to hold the tub,
or have my whole body scalded if I relaxed my grasp. But that minute seemed an hour. I supposed my arm was ruined for life. The fearful agony I suffered no mortal tongue can describe.
My physician who was called in ordered a pint of WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. My whole arm, although cooked, was soothed and kept constantly wet with Paint for two hours. I was relieved of all my pain in less than twenty minutes. The circulation continued perfect. Not even a blister. It seemed a miracle. The evaporating quality of the Pain Paint kept the whole limb perfectly cool, and the very next day I resumed my business as usual. The only difficulty experienced after the first day was in my wrist, where a piece of skin slipped off in removing my clothing. Knowing that the late disaster on the Bowery has produced at least a score of mangled or scalded limbs and bodies, I would most earnestly recommend Wolcott's Pain Paint as the most cooling, most efficient remedy that can be used. I know it will give relief at the very first application and, continuing its use freely by keeping the wounds constantly wet, heal and cure those who would otherwise die or be crippled for life.

ONE WHO KNOWS THE VALUE OF PAIN PAINT.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

Trade-Mark for Electro-Plate.  Stamped on base of every article.

Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

NOVELTIES IN STERLING SILVER WARE.

DINNER AND TEA SERVICES,

FRUIT AND FLOWER STANDS, ICE CREAM AND

BERRY BOWLS,

WINE COOLERS AND DESSERT SETS,

OF UNIQUE AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.

A most

Complete Stock of the Gorham Plate,

embracing all their choicest patterns, many of which have been specially made to meet the taste of our patrons.

STARR & MARCUS,

22 JOHN STREET (UP-STAIRS).

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCHES.

Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers, and Expressmen, the most exacting class of watch-wearers, as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy, and durability.

For sale by all respectable dealers.

NO. 180, FOR JULY 4,

COMMENCES THE

EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE ROUND TABLE.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Finance, Literature, Society, and Art.

SCALE OF TERMS.

One copy 1 year,	\$6 00
" " 2 years,	10 00
" " 6 months,	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers,	4 00
(No deduction for less than one year.)	
Five copies 1 year,	33 50

During the month of July only, *The Round Table* is offered to clubs of ten (not necessarily to the same address) for \$40 a year.

The Publishers decline all responsibility for remittances sent through the mails otherwise than by Drafts on New York, Checks, or Post-office Money-orders. Address

THE ROUND TABLE ASSOCIATION,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

mathematician of the age, has constructed his "Celestial Mechanism" (*Mécanique Céleste*) in huge quarto volumes, full of calculations most difficult to read. A work not of genius, but the colossal product of a mathematical intellect of the first order. I must crave pardon for thinking that observation will cause its pages to be erased by posterity, astonished at our credulity.

"SAN JORGE, NICARAGUA, March 4, 1865."

Such is the original document which, taken up throughout Europe, and warmly discussed there, too, on all sides, has led to the foundation of "a new school in astronomy," to give it the rightful title.

I am translating the second article, and will soon send it to you. Respectfully, W. J. R.
NEW YORK, June 15, 1868.

A WORD FOR LIFE INSURANCE.

IS your life insured? If not, why not go this day, this hour, this minute, and do the good deed? It is a maxim with business men that no vocation is worth following the stock, fixtures, and good-will of which it is not worth while to insure. Is life to be placed in a different category, an inferior one in this wise, to a vocation or a trade? No thoughtful man will say so. And yet hundreds of thousands of intelligent people neglect to insure their lives, when it can be actually proved that in doing so they make a better investment than savings banks with compound interest can assure them, or than real estate with all its fabulous rise in value can be depended upon to bring in. Dr. Franklin used to say that a policy of Life Insurance was the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family. But in Dr. Franklin's time the scope and variety of advantage to be gained by the different modes of Life Insurance now in vogue had not even been dreamed of. It is not necessary in our day, when taking out a policy, to look forward to the grave alone as the harvest-time for the seed now sown. A man may insure his life as a mere business speculation, to gain capital to enlarge his operations, to guarantee the payment of a debt, to make sure in ten, fifteen, or twenty years of a round sum for himself; he may do these and many other things beside the more common and obvious one of providing for the family he may leave behind him.

In earnestly recommending Life Insurance to the public at large, we are not at all afraid of being charged with puffing business interests for selfish ends. The puffery which we hold it to be unworthy is that which aims by exaggerated or untruthful representations to enrich a few individuals at the expense of the community. With Life Insurance the case is manifestly different. The purchaser here receives a value for his investment which can be mathematically shown to be in any event an equivalent, and, in certain contingencies, something very much more. He does not give up for the good of others—unless, indeed, for that of his family—a tangible advantage susceptible of immediate use. On the contrary, his policy begins to grow in value from the moment he receives it, and the division of profits, now so largely practised by the great companies, often entails an extraordinary return. There seems to be no end to the number of convenient purposes to which a policy of Life Insurance may be put at the present time. The old objections that premiums would be all lost on a single failure of payment; that no good would come of a policy to *one's self*, but only to others; that, however easy to pay a premium now, it might be difficult some time hence; that only the miserable event of death would make the speculation pay anyhow—all these and divers other pleas equally cogent have been disposed of by ingenuity and experience, so that either or all of them can now be satisfactorily met and obviated.

People of large property often hesitate to ensure their lives upon the apparently reasonable ground that there is no necessity for such a step. Their families will be well off come what may, and wherein lies the advantage of making a present sacrifice for further and superfluous provision? The question seems unanswerable, and yet, oddly enough, such cases are often precisely those in which the possession of a policy would have been of the greatest conceivable utility. A passage bearing upon this point by a recent writer is sound in the fullest degree. He urges that "one of the most important benefits to be derived from Life Insurance is, that it enables the man of large means, but of extended and varied business, to provide an amount of ready cash immediately after his death, to be used by his family either to meet their daily necessities or to aid in closing up the estate to the best advantage. To this end some of the richest men in the country have made large insurance on their lives, and the results are always satisfactory. Thousands of dollars have been saved in the closing of estates by means of a small amount of ready money. The records of our Surrogates' Courts will attest to the truth of this statement, and that, on the other hand, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have been lost, and estates utterly ruined, for the want of a small sum of ready money. Life Insurance provides a remedy for all this; and a policy of insurance on the life of the husband, payable, as the law directs, to the wife and children, does not wait the law's delay, but comes up promptly to the rescue of the hard-earned estate of the deceased. When a house is discovered to be on fire, the first inquiry made is, 'Is it insured?' If not, the carelessness or neglect of the owner is severely reprobated. How much more censurable is it in a father or a husband to die, leaving his family unprotected

for, when they could have been secured against poverty by Life Insurance. Let every man ponder on this."

The enormous growth of the business of Life Insurance both in Europe and in this country is a strong presumptive argument in favor of its usefulness and the equitable adjustment of its details. If time did not attest and make good their pretensions to benefit the community, the great companies, instead of becoming richer and more respected as they grow older, would fall into disrepute. An enterprise may be conducted on a fallacious basis for a time and may succeed in duping the public to a certain extent, but no such concern will run decades into generations, meeting its engagements on every hand and continually strengthening its hold on public confidence, unless its foundations are stable, healthful, and secure. We believe that the great companies of New York—and our readers will credit that we express no such convictions without circumspect examination—are among the staunchest and most trustworthy monetary institutions in the world. Indeed, conducted upon the principles that most of them are, their failure would be as near impossibility as that of any sublunary thing. They are always growing, and they take no risks which are dependent on commercial accidents or monetary revulsions; and hence in the most troublous times they may confidently be expected to stand firm.

Our present observations have been immediately suggested by a circumstance not, indeed, of uncommon occurrence, but of a character which, when coming within the sphere of personal knowledge, has a forcible effect. A friend, supposed to be wealthy, but who had dealt largely in fickle staples and speculative securities, was induced to insure his life for the sum of twenty thousand dollars. He was a healthy man, in the prime of life, and supposed to be worth ten times the sum assured. Some of his acquaintance rallied him on the needless precaution, and, strangely enough, his wife was somewhat annoyed by it. She and her two children were well provided for as she felt confident, so well as to make future competency a certainty. Real estate to a considerable amount had been settled upon her three or four years before, and, whatever her husband's speculations, this would be ample provision for the future, even should mischance befall him. But mark the event. The husband, while on a journey, died suddenly, exactly seven months after taking out his policy. His affairs were found irretrievably involved. Falling markets and violent fluctuations in stocks had engulfed everything. The estate would barely pay its debts and no more. Meanwhile the wife's real estate was entirely unproductive, and was mortgaged for certain buildings erected upon it, the rent of which would probably just suffice to cover interest and taxes for some years to come. The case was a striking and fortunate one as illustrating the benefits of Life Insurance. The lady and her children were saved from want by the prompt payment of the policy, and can now look forward to a life of comfort, to be followed, in all human likelihood, within a few years, by a life of abundance. Instances like these are not singular, but it is fair to testify to them when they fall under our own immediate observation. Such an experience might be repeated in the case of any individual among us; and the path of duty to the upright and conscientious is therefore plain.

We make no scruple, then, in saying to our friends, both in public and in private, insure your lives. None can tell what an hour may bring forth. None can be certain, however prosperous in appearance his affairs, of not leaving those who are nearest and dearest to suffer a long life of trouble and penury through a negligence which has no just excuse. None will die the sooner for being insured, for a prudent and manly regard to a high obligation is rather likely, by setting the conscience and the heart at rest, to protract life than to shorten it. And apart from, and independent of, all this, if only on purely selfish grounds, a careful study of the offers and principles of our best companies will show that Life Insurance *pays*; a consideration which should be of supreme and conclusive weight with our thrifty and far-seeing community.

TABLE-TALK.

CLUBS FOR LADIES, on what we believe to be an essentially novel plan, were suggested in *The Round Table* a year or more ago, and we have had the satisfaction of learning that, in one or two instances, the hint has been acted upon with satisfactory results. Our plan—which, however, is capable of modification to meet different requirements—originally had reference to the innumerable country villages whither families from the large cities are resorting more and more each summer. In these, especially when all the gentlemen in the community are absent during the day, the ladies, bereft of household cares, of call-making, of shopping, are frequently very much bored. For them, it seems to us, the natural refuge is a club-house, whither they may betake themselves with their "work" and their conversation and the other devices in which collective womanhood finds solace. In the evening they would bring thither their husbands, or brothers, or whatever species of men may in anywise pertain to them, and thus secure all the benefits of social gatherings without the formalities necessary in town, the troublesome preparations involved in any private house, or the tremendous obstacles to a successful evening "party" in the country. The main points to be established would be the ladies' proprietorship of the club, its existence for their special behoof and in accordance with their tastes,—and that the gentlemen were merely the

guests of this corporate hostess. The club-house might vary from the least pretentious cottage to a structure that embodied all the features of men's clubs except the appliances for eating and drinking; in its most elaborate form it should comprise a large room to be used as sitting-room by day and reception-room in the evening, a reading-room, and a billiard-room; and, if its high favor among the gentlemen were desired, especially among the fathers and husbands from whom these luxuries are ultimately to be derived, nothing could contribute more to that end than a room, open of course to ladies adventurous enough to seek it, but dedicated to the cigar. The social advantage of such clubs, if their membership were properly guarded, must readily suggest themselves. They would bring people together who in the country rarely meet throughout a whole summer; would relieve the ladies of long days of ennui; would almost nightly occasion informal social gatherings of people who could not be tempted to go out in state, which should lack the manifold objections to be calculated by party-goers and party-givers; would be the natural home of flirtation (for those who like it), and the natural rallying-point for picnics and similar rural amusements. Furthermore the thing would be comparatively inexpensive, its annual cost to each family amounting to less than a single evening's formal entertainment or dinner, while each could take as much or little part in it as she pleased without incurring social indebtednesses which, in country lodgings more than any other situation in the world, it is impossible to defray. In town, with modifications that experience would quickly show, the same thing might be done even more readily. We are satisfied that the club has capabilities of enjoyableness that women alone can satisfactorily develop. Only—and without any disposition to triumph at the downfall of "Sorosism," we may express a hope that the lesson will be heeded—it should be understood that if it is not good for men, it is still less good for women to be alone. These points once settled, we have little doubt that the supremacy of one-sex clubs would soon be at an end.

MME. RISTORI sailed, on Saturday last, for Europe. Her performances here have been, on the whole, highly successful, and have undoubtedly tended to raise the taste of the public in dramatic art. We are sorry, however, to chronicle a very silly piece of business which occurred as a part of the farewell entertainment given on Friday, the 25th ult. In the words of a daily newspaper:

"At the conclusion of the performance, in response to the enthusiastic call of the large concourse of spectators, Ristori came before the curtain and delivered the subjoined farewell verse:

"The end has come; the last words must be spoken;
From great and free America I part;
But never, never can the spell be broken—
For memory I take—and leave, my heart!"

These graceful words were received with many manifestations of public sympathy. Numerous bouquets were thrown to the actress. The scene was uncommonly animated, and the parting will long be held in recollection."

When will foreign performers cease to treat American audiences like so many little children? The reply is perhaps obvious—When American audiences cease to behave as such. In most European capitals an outgush of bathos like the above would have been laughed off the stage.

THE Peabody Southern Education Fund is apparently being disbursed to the best advantage. Such is the assurance of its judicious employment that, beside the large gifts of books which several publishing firms have made, further donations of varying sums are being made to it, so that the New Orleans correspondent of *The Mobile Sunday Times* announces that in no long time the fund will have become \$2,000,000. Already, he says, the schools are getting as much real benefit as could have been purchased by three or four millions in cash on any other system. The plan has been to require each parish or township to make up two-thirds the amount required for the support of its schools, the agent permitting rent of buildings and unpaid dues from poor pupils to be reckoned as cash, and the trustees of the Peabody fund, through their general state agent, supplying the remaining third. Unfortunately, one of the consequences of this scheme has been to excite the cupidity of the school authorities in almost every district, who seek for more than their share by the contemptible expedient of falsifying the number of children—another evidence of the almost total absence of moral sense in persons dealing with the public, as evinced in the matter of tax returns, customs, etc.; and, on a broader scale, in the apathy with which the grossest public frauds are regarded—a state of things largely due doubtless to the universal conviction that of the hard-earned sums taken from us by taxation only a very small proportion will be economically applied to legitimate ends. In the case of the Peabody fund, however, the vigilance of its agents has frustrated frauds of this sort. We regret that they have not made examples by declaring forfeited the claims of districts which essay the imposition.

A CLUB is said to have been formed composed "of Southern men born in the South or of life-long residence there, formerly slave-owners, and embracing many who served in the Confederate armies." We append a portion of the manifesto published by this association. No possible comment that could be passed upon it would prove more suggestive or eloquent to intelligent readers than the context itself. We content ourselves, therefore, with recommending that it be read in connection with the protest of the State of Louisiana to the Senate of the United States:

"The Southern Impartial Suffrage Club proposes to furnish, for the momentous debate to which every American will soon be summoned,

speakers from the South who will undertake to maintain, on our part, the affirmative of the following propositions:

"First, That impartial suffrage and equality before the law, without regard to the previous condition of rebellion or servitude, is the fundamental condition precedent to any successful policy of Southern reconstruction.

"Second, That the question of franchise is the test of the integrity of emancipation, in this, that if the colored race is unfit for citizenship, then emancipation was a mistake.

"Third, That if emancipation is defended on the ground of necessity, forced on the nation by the war, then suffrage to the emancipated race is a coincident necessity flowing logically and inevitably therefrom.

"Fourth, That this policy should emanate from and be guaranteed by national authority.

"In the discussion of these propositions we propose to deal with the facts settled and established by the war. We do not intend to involve any antecedent convictions or prejudice in our arguments. Indeed, our preferences are not in issue; our necessities are. We propose, therefore, to approach the solemn and distressing circumstances which surround us at the South, so far as possible, without regard to any partisan interest or personal feeling whatever. And we here, in the name of the enlightened Republicans of the South, disclaim all feeling of political resentment against the victims of sectional disunion, or sympathy with any policy of proscription, confiscation, or punishment for political opinions or political offences.

"We maintain the principles set forth above—first, because they are right; secondly, we have taken an early and advanced position as Southern men in their support and vindication, because they are pre-eminently beneficial to the South; and we claim for them the consideration of the American people, because we believe them to be strictly in harmony with the best interests of the nation at large."

THE REV. DR. MORRIS JACOB RAPHAEL, who died last week in New York, in the seventieth year of his age, was one of the most eminent of the Jewish rabbis in America, having been, probably, since the recent death of Dr. Isaac Leeser, the ablest of the ministers and representative men of American Judaism. Born in Stockholm and educated at the Jewish college at Copenhagen, he went in boyhood to England, where, except for three or four years spent at the German University of Giessen, he made his home until, in 1849, he came to this country on what was designed for a short tour, but ended in his assuming the charge of a synagogue in New York. During his English life he established, in 1834, *The Hebrew Review*, the first Jewish periodical issued in Great Britain; in different controversies he contributed much to the repute of his co-religionists, and took a prominent part in the election of Baron de Rothschild to Parliament. As an orator his reputation was not less in England and Germany than his frequent tours throughout the United States had acquired here among Christians as well as Jews. But his greatest eminence, perhaps, was as a varied and accomplished scholar. His studies took chiefly the direction of history, but he was also a thorough scientist, and as a linguist his acquirements were very great, including a familiar acquaintance not merely with the French, English, German, Scandinavian, classic, and Hebrew languages, but with their literatures also. His chief published works, aside from many years' contributions to the periodical and newspaper press and numerous minor devotional and controversial works, were translations of the works of Maimonides, the *Book of Principles*, eighteen treatises of the *Mishna*, and various ethical works. In his church he was a leader of the conservative school, and he was scarcely more esteemed in it than by a large proportion of the Christian public.

MR. MATTHEW VASSAR—an Englishman by birth, but who has resided from infancy at Poughkeepsie, where he

acquired the fortune whose munificent application to the education of women has given him a national celebrity—died last week, expiring painlessly in the chair where he sat reading his usual annual address at the graduating exercises of the Vassar Female College. Mr. Vassar was in every way a good and public-spirited citizen, but his name will be chiefly perpetuated by his gift of over \$400,000, made, it is said, in compliance with the suggestion of a niece to whom he was much attached, for affording to young women the highest educational advantages that our colleges offer to their brothers. The good deed, we trust, will in time be noted as one of the marked events in the history of education, and the doer's name be honored through the generations as that of a benefactor to whom a social revolution of incalculable beneficence has owed its origin.

MR. HORACE GREELEY, reasoning from those impartial premises and with that judicial deliberation which render his opinions on all subjects of so much value, deprecates at some length in his tasteful journal the absence of literary weeklies in New York, such as would suit his—not the public's—desire. He says: "The literary journal which is to reach the best classes of American society must be thoughtful, earnest, vivacious, and elegant." Mr. Greeley's scholarly attainments, delicate perception, and gentlemanly habits of thought and expression are admirably adapted to make him a trustworthy judge in such matters, and we earnestly recommend him to revive *The New Yorker*—in which journal he exhibited all these qualities to so much advantage a few years ago—and thus to fill for his own and similar tastes the niche which existing publications are so unfortunate as not to supply.

MORMONISM has been so insisted upon as an American institution by kind friends abroad that there is something very like comfort in finding *The Pall Mall Gazette* suggesting a view of the case adapted to an American circulation which, so far as we have observed, it remains for us to give it. The text lay in this bit of news: "Six hundred and fifty Mormon emigrants sailed from Liverpool on Saturday for the Salt Lake by way of New York. A large proportion of the emigrants were women;" and *The Gazette's* comments were as follows:

"Any American bookmaker who wished to do a clever thing had only to go to Liverpool after reading this paragraph and there make inquiries about the Mormons. He would probably be referred to Wales, and if he pursued his journey thither he would soon discover that he had hit upon the large training-ground of Mormonism. He would find that we rear the followers of Brigham Young and that America gets the credit of them. A thrilling picture of the frightful state of social life in Great Britain might be drawn from the presence among us of strange sects. Wales is a great deal nearer to the heart of England than Salt Lake or Oneida Creek is to anything which deserves to be called 'American'; and an enterprising traveller, gifted with a lithe and sinewy style, might easily deduce a portion of his countrymen into the belief that the Mormon nursery in Wales can be safely taken as an example of the relations which exist between the sexes all over the country. If he did this, and did it well, he would deserve to be considered a very 'smart' man, for—to use a common phrase—he would have paid us back in our own coin. We send shiploads of Mormons to America and then write books to prove that Mormonism is the natural fruit of the loose principles which prevail in America."

Our contemporary might have added that England, having first produced them by the work of centuries, sends us likewise most of the stupidity, improvidence, ignorance, and crime that fill our poor-houses and prisons and corrupt the ballot-box, and, in the train of the demagogue, are pretty steadily

pushing on to demonstration the utility of popular government. Perhaps some day this too will be appreciated.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT—formerly one of the *Figaro* staff, and more recently the editor of *La Lanterne*, the new satirical weekly which started at a bound into such remarkable popularity—has occasioned another exhibition of the undefined status of French journalism. Writing in *Figaro* some weeks since concerning a picture, by Gérôme, of the execution of Marshal Ney, he delivered himself of opinions which the Paris correspondent of *The London Times* thus summarizes:

"M. Rochefort began by expressing his surprise that this year, more than any other, should be chosen for the glorification of the marshal. Ney is neither more nor less guilty in 1868 than he was in 1815; his guilt was great, and but for the writer's antipathy to capital punishment in general, he always thought that no one ever merited it more than Ney. He could perfectly understand the sympathy felt for young Labedoyère, the first to join his old general on his return from Elba, in spite of all his promises to oppose him; but as for Ney, perceiving at Lyons, at the moment, that nothing could restrain the will of the populace, whose idol Napoleon had never ceased to be, and hastening on to swell the torrent which he had been charged with arresting—that is to say, abandoning the Bourbons in their greatest need and throwing himself into the arms of Bonaparte, who was then rising to the surface—M. Rochefort saw in his conduct calculations in which the general interest was sacrificed to his own. It may be objected that Ney was a soldier, and not a political man. But if he was not a political man, why did he accept a political mission? He admits excuses for his conduct, and even pity for himself, but he cannot allow that he is deserving of admiration. Ney himself was perfectly aware of this, for he died with the indifference and the resignation of a man who knew that it was death only that could reinstate him in public favor. Ideas of that kind occur to those who look at M. Gérôme's picture. A man dying for his convictions is a spectacle full of grandeur; but his death for convictions which he does not possess is merely an event. His last cry should have been 'Vive l'Empereur!' and if he did not utter it, it was because he had excellent reasons for his silence. The picture, then, has merely the value of an episode in spite of the patriotic character given to the principal personage."

In consequence of this, General Ney, Prince of Moskowa, the son of the marshal, sent seconds to M. Rochefort, demanding satisfaction. His refusal to grant it led to a letter from the seconds to the newspapers, to which M. Rochefort replied publicly as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: I have again read over the article which occasioned a demand for reparation on the part of the Prince of Moskowa; and it appears to me absolutely impossible to find anything in it but the exercise of my right as a critic. I can understand that the Prince of Moskowa, as the son of Marshal Ney, may have felt pain at it; and I do not hesitate to say that had I reflected that it would have been read by the son I should have made it less sharp. But in a historical point of view, it is impossible for me not to insist upon my right. I am entitled to pass on facts which are true—the opinion I deem proper. Had I thrown out a false insinuation—for instance, that Marshal Ney had received money from a foreign power—reparation might be demanded for a substantive and calumnious defamation; but to accept the system that one is not free to judge the public acts of men who have played so prominent a part is simply to consent to lock up our histories and put the keys in our pocket. If I take the liberty of putting in print my opinion on the conduct of Davoust, Augereau, Talleyrand, and a hundred others in 1815, I must, forsooth, give satisfaction by arms to all the children of these different personages. A duel between the Prince of Moskowa and myself would be a precedent for others, and on no better grounds, and would seriously affect the freedom of discussion. It is, then, a question of principle, on which I can admit of no compromise. To say that the Prince of Moskowa is right, would be to accept the character of insulter, which I most decidedly repudiate. I have had, as perhaps you know, many duels, the cause of some of them being far from serious, but, at all events, they did not concern my right of criticism. I refuse, then, to set a bad example to my *confrères*—in other words, I refuse the Prince of Moskowa a reparation by arms."

"Receive, gentlemen, etc.,

"HENRI ROCHEFORT."

The palaces of Europe have yet to derive a new charm from an American production. No perfumer to royalty has ever produced an odor for the handkerchief that deserves to be named in the same year with Phalon & Son's sense-delighting extract of the *FLOR DE MAYO*.

Lorillard's Yacht Club Smoking Tobacco contains orders which entitle the finders to genuine meerschaum pipes, carved after an original and appropriate design by Kaldenberg & Son, who warrant every pipe as being of the best material. The Yacht Club Tobacco is sold everywhere. Pipes are delivered from our store, 30 Chambers Street, New York.

AT THE EXPLOSION
In the Bowery,
On the evening of the 18th,
Those fearful scenes,
The mangled bodies,
The scalded, quivering victims,
Pleading for help, relief;
Some begging to die,
To escape the dreadful agony,
Brought to my mind forcibly
My own condition
A few months ago.
I was at work in a brewery,
A tub of boiling liquid
Above my head;
I was in the act of removing it,
When it partially upset,
And the large sleeve
About my right arm
Was filled with the hot juice.
I called for help;
It took a full minute
Before assistance came.
I had to hold the tub,
Or have my whole body scalded if I relaxed my grasp. But that minute seemed an hour. I supposed my arm was ruined for life. The fearful agony I suffered no mortal tongue can describe.

My physician who was called in ordered a pint of WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. My whole arm, although cooked, was soaped and kept constantly wet with Paint for two hours. I was relieved of all my pain in less than twenty minutes. The circulation continued perfect. Not even a blister. It seemed a miracle. The evaporating quality of the Pain Paint kept the whole limb perfectly cool, and the very next day I resumed my business as usual. The only difficulty experienced after the first day was in my wrist, where a piece of skin slipped off in removing my clothing. Knowing that the late disaster on the Bowery has produced at least a score of mangled or scalded limbs and bodies, I would most earnestly recommend Wolcott's Pain Paint as the most cooling, most efficient remedy that can be used. I know it will give relief at the very first application and, continuing its use freely by keeping the wounds constantly wet, heal and cure those who would otherwise die or be crippled for life.

ONE WHO KNOWS THE VALUE OF PAIN PAINT.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:



Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

NOVELTIES IN STERLING SILVER WARE.

DINNER AND TEA SERVICES,

FRUIT AND FLOWER STANDS, ICE CREAM AND

BERRY BOWLS,

WINE COOLERS AND DESSERT SETS,

OF UNIQUE AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.

A most

Complete Stock of the Gorham Plate,

embracing all their choicest patterns, many of which have been specially made to meet the taste of our patrons.

STARR & MARCUS,

22 JOHN STREET (UP-STAIRS).

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCHES.

Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers, and Expressmen, the most exacting class of watch-wearers, as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy, and durability.

For sale by all respectable dealers.

NO. 180, FOR JULY 4,

COMMENCES THE

EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE ROUND TABLE.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Finance, Literature, Society, and Art.

SCALE OF TERMS.

One copy 1 year,	\$6 00
" " 2 years,	10 00
" " 6 months,	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers,	4 00

(No deduction for less than one year.)

Five copies 1 year, 22 50

During the month of July only, *The Round Table* is offered to clubs of ten (not necessarily to the same address) for \$40 a year.

The Publishers decline all responsibility for remittances sent through the mails otherwise than by Drafts on New York, Checks, or Post-office Money-orders. Address

THE ROUND TABLE ASSOCIATION,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

Vol. 8. THE ROUND TABLE. Vol. 8.

(From The New York Tribune, June 25, 1868.)

"We want a good weekly paper, whose essays shall be well considered, yet short and entertaining; which shall combine the careful and judicial character of the review with the sprightliness of the daily journal; which shall discuss fearlessly the problems of politics, and touch with graceful pen the current topics of literature, art, science, and society—a paper, in fine, like THE LONDON SPECTATOR, only a trifle more lively, or like THE SATURDAY REVIEW, but with more variety and less cynicism. . . . A good, high-toned, literary paper such as we have described we have never had yet. There have been several attempts to found such a publication, but they seem not to have been made by the right persons, or made in the right way, and the result has always been failure. This paper is slumberous, that is flippant; one is too redolent of musty libraries, another is scented with the fumes of the beer-cellar. Here you have a periodical as wise as Solon, as ponderous as Dr. Dryasdust, as solemn as the owls of Minerva; and here another, which the callow brains of undergraduates have filled with screeds about nothing and trivial compositions on metaphysics and astronomy. It is not with such reading as this that thinking men want to occupy their hours of leisure. The literary journal which is to reach the best classes of American society must be thoughtful, earnest, vivacious, and elegant. Who will give it us?"

From The New York Leader, June 27, 1868.

"The Tribune says there is great need for a good literary weekly journal. The Round Table was just such a 'good journal' until it had the clever criticism on H. G. which a few weeks ago we copied."

Extract from the Proceedings of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, May 18, 1868.

"Mr. B. Mallon said that there had been some talk with reference to The Round Table, a literary paper published in New York, and some of the members were desirous of having it introduced in the city, and especially among the members of the Society. It was equal to any of the best London publications, and should have a widely extended influence."

"Mr. Lancaster spoke in favor of the journal, as did also Dr. Charters. Mr. Mallon offered the following resolution, which met with general approbation:

"Resolved, That we commend to the attention of the members of the Historical Society, and to our citizens generally, The Round Table, a weekly paper of a very high literary character, eminently deserving a place in every cultivated family in our city."

Extract from a letter of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, dated October 26, 1867.

"I value The Round Table very highly indeed. It equals The London Spectator and excels The London Saturday Review. If persevered in, it will create and command its own public, in a short time—a public composed of our most intelligent classes—of those to whom the purely, or rather impurely, party newspapers are a nuisance."

Extract from Mr. Fred. S. Cozzens's preface to Father Tom and the Pope, second edition, p. xii.

"The Round Table, . . . a review that has blood and marrow in it, for it does not hesitate to speak right out in a straightforward, manly way, and say 'That is wrong,' when it has reason to say so."

From The Imperial Review, London.

"The only journal which adequately represents American education and culture."

From Trübner's Literary Record, London.

"The New York Round Table is the best literary paper published in the United States. It is independent, outspoken, free from anything like favoritism, and we believe totally inaccessible to corrupt influences."

From The Anglo-American Times, London.

"It comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies."

From The Richmond Enquirer.

"This paper combines all the piquancy and variety of the best weeklies with the dignity and learning which belongs to a quarterly review. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the best literary paper, in all senses, published in the whole of the United States."

From The New York Times.

"The Round Table has become such a weekly journal as has been for a long time needed in the United States—a journal which has the genius and learning and brilliancy of the higher order of London weeklies, and which, at the same time, has the spirit and the instincts of America."

THE GREAT PRIZE.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1867.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO., ELIAS HOWE, JR., 699 Broadway, New York, awarded, over eighty-two competitors, the Highest Premium, THE ONLY CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL given to American Sewing Machines, per Imperial Decree, published in the Moniteur Universel (official journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, 2d July, 1867, in these words:

ELIAS HOWE, JR. } Fabricante de Machines à coudre exposant.
Manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Exhibitor.

RUPTURES CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances at his office,

697 Broadway, cor. Fourth Street.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectively relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained by any other person or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

640 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,

RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA

ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

ARE NOW FINISHED,

AND THE

WHOLE GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC

WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870.

The means provided for construction have proved ample, and there is no lack of funds for the most vigorous prosecution of the enterprise. The Company's FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, payable, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST, IN GOLD, are now offered at 102. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

and have thirty years to run before maturing. Subscriptions will be received in New York, at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau Street, and by JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, 59 Wall Street, and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Offices or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1868.

NOW READY.

DRAMATIC WORKS BY LAUGHTON OSBORN.

VOL. I., COMPRISING

CALVARY and VIRGINIA (revised and corrected) and BIANCA CAPELO.

420 pp., fine paper, \$2 25.

MOORHEAD, BOND & CO.,

60 Duane Street, New York.

THE ROUND TABLE.

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

The leading papers both in this country and in England have pronounced THE ROUND TABLE to be the ablest journal of its class published in the United States.

SCALE OF TERMS FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

One copy 1 year,	\$6 00
" " 2 years,	10 00
" " 6 months,	3 50
" " 1 year, clergymen and teachers, (No deduction for less than one year.)	4 00
Five copies 1 year,	22 50

As A

MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS

OF ANY CLASS OF GOODS

USED MAINLY BY THE

AFFLUENT AND INTELLIGENT CLASSES,

THE ROUND TABLE has been found to be almost unsurpassed, combining, as it does, the chief requisites of a

GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM:

1. Large Circulation.
2. Affluent and Intelligent Readers, who have not only the desire, but the means, to buy.
3. Clearness and Beauty of Typography, on which the value of any advertisement very largely depends.
4. The advantage of every number being, in the generality of cases, preserved for future reference, thus bringing an advertisement frequently before the eye of the reader.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR INSIDE PAGES IN

THE ROUND TABLE.

	Once.	1 month.	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
1 Col.,	\$30	\$100	\$270	\$440	\$720
½ "	18	60	150	250	400
¼ "	12 50	40	110	180	280
⅓ "	10	32	85	140	225
Per line, 25 cents; 4 insertions, 20 cents; 3 months, 18 cents; 6 months 16 cents; 1 year, 12 cents.					
An advance of 25 per cent. on these rates for advertising on outside pages.					

ERIE RAILWAY.

THE BROAD-GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE

BETWEEN THE

ATLANTIC CITIES

AND THE

WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

New and improved coaches run through without change between NEW YORK and CINCINNATI, DAYTON, GALLON, MANSFIELD, SALAMANCA, DUNKIRK, and BUFFALO.

Express trains leave New York from Depot, foot of Chambers street, as follows:

7:30 A.M., Day Express,	10 A.M., Express Mail,
5:30 P.M., Night Express,	6:30 P.M., Night Express, daily.

In direct communication with all Western and Southern Lines.

Travellers from the West and South-west make direct connection with Four Express Trains Eastward, leaving as follows:

FROM BUFFALO, 5 A.M., Day Express; 7:30 A.M., Express Mail; 2:35 P.M., Lightning Express; 7:35 P.M., Night Express, daily; 11:20 P.M., Night Express.

FROM DUNKIRK, 7:30 A.M., Express Mail; 5:50 P.M., Night Express; 9:50 P.M., Cincinnati Express.

FROM SALAMANCA, 10 A.M., Express Mail; 3:25 P.M., Lightning Express; 7:45 P.M., Night Express; 11:55 P.M., Cincinnati Express.

Running through to New York without change.

The best ventilated and most luxurious sleeping coaches in the world accompany all night trains.

Through tickets can be procured at the principal Offices of the Company and of connecting lines.

WILLIAM R. BARR, General Passenger Agent.

H. RIDDLE, General Superintendent, New York.

NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY!

THROUGH LINE TO CALIFORNIA,

VIA

PANAMA RAILROAD.

NEW SAILING ARRANGEMENT.

THE 5TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH,

Or the day before when these dates fall on Sunday, from Pier No. 46 North River, foot of King Street, at noon.

July 4, Steamship *Santiago de Cuba*, connecting with new Steamship *Nevada*.

July 20, Steamship *Guiding Star*, connecting with new Steamship *Oregonian*.

These Steamships are expressly fitted for this trade, and are *unsurpassed* for Safety, Speed, Elegance, and Comfort, and their Rates for Passage and Freight will *always be as low as by any other line*.

For further particulars address the undersigned at Pier No. 46 North River, foot of King Street, New York.

D. N. CARRINGTON, Agent.

WM. H. WEBB, President.

CHARLES DANA, Vice-President, 54 Exchange Place.

FOUNTAIN'S

IMPROVED PLANCHETTE.

(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

The Greatest and most Wonderful PARLOR AMUSEMENT of the Age, affording Amusement and Study for Old and Young.

Showing the wonderful power of "Mind over Matter."

This little board, being controlled only by Magneto-Electric influence, will Write distinct and intelligible Answers to Questions (mental or oral) while under the magnetic influence.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOARD.

Price \$2. Sent by mail to any address.

BROWN, WATKINS & SHAW,

42 John Street, New York.

NEW PATENT PIANOS.

RAVEN & BACON

(ESTABLISHED 1829),

WAREROOMS 644 AND 646 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANO-FORTES, WITH THEIR PATENT COMBINATION SOUNDING-BOARDS.

PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1866.

This invention, introduced exclusively into our Pianos, is of the greatest advantage to the tone of the instrument, as it affects the sounding-board, the very soul of the piano, and produces thereby a pure liquid tone greatly superior in quality and power to that of the ordinary piano. The sounding-board, released from its connection with the piano-case, and resting upon under sounding-boards, is relieved from the rigidity caused by such connection, and its vibratory quality increased.

Our pianos are first-class in every respect, and purchasers will have not only our own guarantee as to their quality, but also the guarantee of the reputation of the instrument, obtained from the experience of our patrons who have used them for a generation. All lovers of this eminently household instrument, as well as parties proposing to purchase new pianos, are invited to call and examine our assortment.